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FORUM

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WORLD EMPIRE AND NATIONAL IDEALS

A New-Year Review and a Look Ahead

BARTON BLAKE

AS the War passes into its twenty-eighth month, and well-informed travellers returning from both of Europe's armed camps predict two years more of it, in spite of the growing odds against the Central Empires and the recent peace-babble, the overseas spectator finds himself losing interest in many of the conflict's minutiæ, while adopting an attitude towards the greatest calamity in all times that may be called, for want of a better word, "historical." Passion aside, one examines Armageddon and its origins, not as a debater now, but as a most modest philosopher. One studies the principal characters in the tragedy, and the motives of those characters, as a pupil of Socrates might do; as students of literature have long been prying into the characters of Hamlet, or Don Quixote, or Tartuffe. And of the characters in the historical tragedy, the Emperor of Germany stands out as distinctly as Lucifer in Milton's poem.

The German Emperor, for his part, is said to have studied the career of Napoleon—meaning however, to improve upon the ending of that imperial romance. And, certainly, Napoleon thought to found an Empire of Europe

and all the Mediterranean coasts resting upon the military power of France, plus his own genius for conquest and administration. Napoleon came to Italy and was hailed liberator. Even when France had a despot, then, she was chiefly dreaded by the absolute rulers of Germany and Russia and Austria as an unsettling tendency towards freedom of thought and institutions—an influence jarring to ancient dynasties, intoxicating men, as it did, with notions of nationality and citizenship and liberty. What is the truth about the present essay towards the establishment of an Empire of Europe? Did the Kaisers, too, indulge their dream of something more than merely military dominion?

Austria's anachronistic Kaiser, a sinister relic saved from the funeral vault just long enough to descend into it ahead of his nation, could certainly be suspected of no such thing as liberal statesmanship. Many years ago, when Louis Kossuth was addressing a New York audience, the Hungarian patriot declared: "It is not common in history to find young princes so premature in tyranny as Francis-Joseph of Austria." The one thing to the credit of Francis-Joseph and his reign has been the working out of a system of Home Rule for the clashing nationalities which have been lumped under the Hapsburg dynasty and, despite Bohemia's discontent and Poland's triple martyrdom, it is true that the Austro-Hungarian system has worked more happily than ever the Anglo-Irish Union did. Francis-Joseph's prime aim was, however, to avert the disintegration of his Empire in his own lifetime. This has been the key to all Austro-Hungarian expansion.

The existence of free Serbia on the borders of a State where millions of Serbs were denied political freedom in Croatia was the Serbian "crime" which, rather than the mystery-veiled assassination at Sarajevo, precipitated the World-War. The jealousies of all the Balkan States and Germany's support of Austria made possible Francis-Joseph's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in flat defiance of the treaty of Berlin; but this extension of Austrian influence at the cost of the Slav was no stateman's triumph,

since it was but one of the factors which shaped events before 1914 for the tragedy of the actual War—Austria's Gethsemene. Not such as Francis Joseph see visions or dream dreams, and in the evening of his days, if the old emperor had any dreams of Empire, his dreams were nightmares.

It was otherwise with Wilhelm. The younger Kaiser, or at least those who stood round him and behind, did intend something more than the thunder of marching legions and the lightning of ten thousand cannon. As khaki replaces gold lace on the battle-field, and the battle-field itself is replaced by the trench, so is the sordidness of modern warfare made all the more evident by the transparence of its commercialism. The German madness was but the tragic shadow of an organization for trade conquest, a merciless system of repressive but smoothly functioning State Socialism. In shadow and reality alike there could of course be nothing of promise to the idealist—since the idealist rates a world ruled by Divine Right plus industrial chemistry rather a dull conception, and has no great admiration even for a Utopia richer in high explosives and aniline dyes than in individual aspiration or personal conscience. The German sprung pastor of a Lutheran church in Detroit, the Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, writes, from the theologian's standpoint: "The crime of the nation against the individual is, not that it demands his sacrifices against his will, but that it claims a life of eternal significance for ends that have no eternal value." And yet the dream of Wilhelm did undeniably carry its lesson for Europe and *for all the world, if not for eternity.*

The key to the puzzle of a Germany defying God and Man, justice and liberty; a Germany war-like even in peace, and so mighty when put to the test as to defy the resources of more than half the world and the armies of nearly all Europe and Europe's colonies—the key lay above all in the power of economic organization. Nothing too good for the German at home; nothing too evil for the enemy over the frontier: this was the formula. The evil of it consisted in the repudiation of human justice, the erection of the national

(like the royal) ego into a sin against the Holy Ghost, the surrender of the citizen's voice to a master instead of its individual expression.

Develop your resources, human and material, economize them, distribute them, balance them, centralize them: this part of the teaching is right—the rest is hideously wrong. Germany's internal organization was, at the opening of the World-War, perfect enough to shame all of us, whatever our heritage and our allegiance. But the end aimed at by this portentous organization was at once external and selfish. The German ideal admitted of neither liberty at home nor tolerance of other ideals abroad. The economic structure raised upon admirable foundations was one which could not stand without crushing out the life of Germany's neighbors. The over-stimulated conquest of foreign trade was in itself a guarantee of future war. And the German idea of Super-Nationalism was an idea which meant the reversal of political evolution, with the hands of the clock of progress set back three centuries.

Our American sense of fair play has led us into some absurdly indefensible antitheses. Today, even, we say: " Yes, German submarines are dreadful engines in the hands of desperate men—but Germany was, at bottom, a peaceful trading nation. Possibly she was forced into war." Rubbish! *German antebellum commerce was no peaceful institution, crippled by the British blockade. Germany's carefully protected foreign trade, cartels and all, was as much a provocation of the conflict which long since drove the German merchant flag to cover as was the Kaiser's sword-rattling, or the aspirations of the feudal caste which, dominating German society, equally despised the British " amateur," the French " degenerate," the American " demokrat," and the rights of smaller nations.*

Had Germany been defeated, say a year ago, the sound good derived from this struggle might well have outweighed the evil; for whatever one's sympathies, one must confess that the world will never be the same again, and Britain and her friends have learned lessons from German social

and economic organization no less than from German methods of fighting; while for Russia's millions the War has been a new and a tremendous experiment in patriotism, in education, in power. From trench and German prison camp alike there will return to the uttermost villages of the great Russian Empire, as to Moscow and Petrograd, men who have seen, men who have heard, men who have suffered, men who have learned. The new Russia will be of their making. But for Germans too the War has many teachings. The lesson of French devotion and sacrifice ought to teach Germans something about democracy as yet unsuspected by the ruling caste and never more than half understood by the German Socialists themselves—"The Kaiser's Social Demokrats," as comrade Gustave Hervé calls them nowadays with pardonable scorn. For war or for peace, the telegraph, the telephone, the ocean liner, the railroad, have been destroying distances, and making the world a small place, and even sometimes rubbing the corners from national frontiers. But in spite of the hatred it has engendered, the War also has brought the nations closer together—and of this the new treaty of Russia and Japan, the enemies of 1905, is only the most superficial of evidences.

The fearful carnage goes on—one would say that the life blood of Europe was drained to the lees but for the constant flow of new youngsters into the ever-ravenous ranks. The German people could end hostilities in a fortnight if they would make themselves masters of their own destinies: but the hope of this remains only a hope—and perhaps a fainter hope than ever. Goethe once said that Germany was a mere geographical expression. Today Germany is a great Empire—but not an Empire whose government expresses the uncompelled will of a free people. In the words of the proclamation with which the French aviator Marchal peacefully bombarded Berlin, the War must continue "till the people of Germany possess the right to decide for themselves on peace and war." We hear much of the German menace; but the true menace of Germany has been the fact that the unscrupulous ambition of those at the top, made powerful by the uncritical

loyalty of those at the base, have formed a combination too well served by technical skill, and not served at all by such ideals as make for free growth or tolerance or truth. In our age, at least, it is not safe for any nation to make better machines than men. And for all her technical perfection, Germany's greatness has been founded on the lie that arbitrary rulers should hold power of peace and war, life and death, over their own subjects, and over the destinies of outlanders as well.

It is proving a costly lie, but Europe must bleed until it is smashed. Peace talk is futile which does not recognize that certain results must be attained before peace can be a tolerable prospect for anyone but sentimentalists and German sympathizers. *That America is not sharing in the smashing of Germany's Great Illusion is to our immediate advantage only—and to the ultimate belittling of our national soul. Doubtless we shall survive and expiate our instinctive materialism, our natural shrinking from playing our part. That we are becoming more than ever necessary, economically, to all the world, less and less feared as a power with the ability and will to stand up for the right, is an obvious truth to every American who knows the Europe of 1916. There are two reactions to this situation: one sort of American looks into the future gloomily, and takes less pride than formerly in his American citizenship. The other type of citizen laughs and passes an observation to the effect that he should worry —which, precisely, he does not do.*

Meantime the War runs on and others than we are winning a great battle of the human spirit—a battle which will be followed by a reorganization of world-relations to the profit of those whose have shared in a costly but necessary sacrifice. We will be denied our natural place in the councils deciding the future of Europe, Asia, Africa,—yes, and perhaps South America. Besides, we are outside the sufferings of the War, and it is but just that we should be excluded from the settlement.

Modesty and charity ought to be our favorite national virtues during the year 1917.

THE DRAB-COLORED SUIT

ROBERT M. WERNAER

WHERE are you going in this drab-colored suit,
And with this gun?
Your eyes are bright;
Your steps are light;
You walk with a young man's will—
Going to drill—to drill?
My brother, tell me:
If there be an enemy,
If there be War,
What would you be fighting for?

"Our land," you say? Oh, yes, your're right—our land—
Protect it well!
These rocks and rills,
These woods and hills,
I'm glad you make a stand
For this our land.
But, brother, tell me:
If there be an enemy,
If there be War,
What would you be fighting for?

You shake your head? Don't know? Oh, yes, you do—
Your eyes tell me!
For our Principle you would fight—
Our Soul—in that dark night
When the bugles to the battle call—
Yes; more than land, than home, than all
Of liberty is our very Soul:
A human union, made whole
And holy; a brothers' sacred bond,
Binding heart to heart in fond
Resolve to be a people of peoples free,
A cosmic Democracy;
Convinced that nature's human plan
Will make the sleeping God in man.
Quick, brother, tell me:
If there be an enemy,
If there be War,
Is it not that you would be fighting for?

"A dream," you say? Oh, yes, a dream—it's true—
It always was!
"Our home," you say? Oh, yes, quite right—our home—
Our dear ones!
Our wives and children and mothers,
Our fathers and sisters and brothers.
Stand up with your might
In the coming fight!
But, brother, tell me:
If there be an enemy,
If there be War,
What would you be fighting for?

"For liberty"? Ah, now, you spoke the word—
Sweet liberty!—
I like your voice, my friend;
No doubt you know to what end
We are a land of the free,
Why we love liberty?
So, brother, tell me:
If there be an enemy,
If there be War,
What would you be fighting for?

And, then, this accursèd War—
It wrenched our Soul in two;
A new world it has made for you
And me. Yes, brotherhood—
It sounds so good.
Therefore, my brother, drill—drill,
In the *unseen* army, drill!
Many a great battle is to be won—
Battles without a gun.
Go, in your drab-colored suit, and drill:
It is the Country's call!
That is a higher duty still,—
In the brothers' army, drill—drill!
With your bright eyes and your young will,
To keep for your Country one great prize.
Through human service and sacrifice,
To be a Friend to all!
Then, brother,—then only,—the time may come
When bugles no longer sound, no battle drum,—
When there will be no War.

IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH

WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

HOWLAND POTTER ran toward the home of his people, fleeing from death. His eyes blurred as he swayed from side to side of the hard clay road. There was a taste of dust in his mouth and his knee joints seemed made of putty.

He passed a smoking heap that had been the Thompson farmhouse and came in sight of the bridge over the Bouquet river, flowing placidly with autumn sunlight upon its smooth waters. The thunder and rumble and bark of guns came at intervals. Off to the west ragged smoke columns hung in the air, black against a green and gold countryside.

Potter's road lay straight along the river. This was the last mile and, numb in mind and body, he had but one desire, to reach home. He thudded past the bridge and then, as a spot of red wavered in his uncertain vision, came to a wabbling stop. At the roadside sat a little girl, quite small. Her red dress had been torn away from one shoulder and a deep scratch ran the length of that arm. The other hand clasped the fingers of a woman, lying dead in the grass. A lance, thrust between the breasts, pinned the woman to the ground. To these details Potter gave no more heed than to register them in his mind, dimly. He was concerned with drawing in great gulps of air, and working his tongue, so that he might speak. It seemed minutes before he could form any words.

"Where are they?" he asked, bending over the child. Her eyes did not lift from the dead hand in her lap.

"Hunderds, an' hunderds, an' hunderds," she droned.

"Soldiers—where are they?" Potter repeated the question impatiently.

"Hunderds, an' hunderds, an' hunderds, an' hunderds, an' hun—" The little girl's voice died away on the word.

The man stumbled and broke into his shambling trot.

He was past troubling about such things as he had just seen. The first and tenth and twentieth times he had stopped and tried to help. That was why death was now so close on his heels.

Almost at once Potter was in the woods where he knew every turn of the road, each tree that was distinguished in any way from its fellows. He tried to listen for sounds ahead but the pounding in his ears prevented. It was possible only to go on and hope that the way was clear. At last a slender marble shaft rose above the trees. Howland Potter saw it and thrilled, for it marked the family burying-ground where four generations of his forefathers rested. A few more steps to the next turn, and then home!

First he saw the big poplar at the end of the garden; then a section of white picket fence. And then the sweep of the grounds came into view. The house that had stood there, so solidly beautiful, was a snarl of timbers. One whole side lay flat upon the ground, its mortised beams showing. The rest was broken up like kindling.

"The big guns!" muttered Potter.

He walked now, forgetful of danger. At least the trees were left. Those oaks and maples and elms had been planted there by his great-grandfather. He stumbled to a section of fence left standing and patted it, sobbing without any tears. He knew that he had worn down to the breaking point, and did not care. Nothing mattered. Then he turned and looked up to the mountain. Old Crowquill still was there, frowning sombrely, a heap of grays and greens against the sky. They could not level the Adirondacks, these European butchers! And it was to this haven that he had come many miles, out of the crash of falling cities and the cries of his staggered countrymen.

Howland Potter set his face toward Crowquill, climbing up through the meadows. He passed the orchard and saw a clump of Rhode Island greenings shining among the branches of a tree. He put a few in his pockets, crossed the back pasture, and climbed the fence. Then, in the shadow of pines and hemlocks, following the old woodroad, he wound

upward until, from a wooded spur, he could look out over the valley that men of his blood had cleared and plowed. The railroad track on the other side of the river was torn up in places. As always, these days, there were smoking ruins; and far off to the west little gleaming specks moved in the setting sun. They were the helmets of the Invaders.

Potter turned with a groan and crawled in among some young pines. He stretched out on the moss and needles. This was what he had come for; to lie on the bosom of old Crowquill and rest. He slept.

Dawn grayed and the Adirondack peaks came billowing out of a mist-hung world. Blood red, the sun slid over the edge of that vast sea of mountain tops and, turning to gold, shot with light the uttermost valleys. Again the smoke of vandal fires rose plainly to heaven and myriad helmets flecked meadow and brown road with dazzling points. Howland Potter, watching, mechanically ate his apples. Rested somewhat in body, his mind yet refused to take hold upon the things that were. He was content simply to be there, on a granite spur of Crowquill with the smell of pines in his nostrils and the valley of his ancestors lying before him.

From above came a crackle in the morning stillness. Potter's ears, long dulled by cities, were uncertain as to that sound. He waited a moment, tense, and then crawled under the young pines where he had made his bed. A second noise, nearer, confirmed him. It was man, or other animal, coming toward his hiding place. Then a voice spoke.

"Come out of them trees, whoever you be, or I'll put a slug of lead into you!"

Potter felt relief, for he knew that those words could never spring from the guttural throat of the Enemy. He came out on hands and knees. A tall and bearded countryman, thick of shoulder and level of eye, was standing a dozen feet away with rifle pointed from the hip. His glance fell suspiciously upon the soiled but expensively tailored tweeds and silk outing shirt of Potter.

"What be you skulking up here for?" he demanded. "Why ain't you fighting with the Army, hey?"

Belligerence and a question like that were the last things Potter had expected. He was aghast, and angry.

"Great heavens, man, I might ask you the same question! Why aren't you with the *Army?*"

The other colored a bit, under his tan, and fidgeted.

"Godfreys mighty, I tried! Got captured once and shot twice—scratches. But us folks up here didn't sense what was going on till 'twas too late. Newspapers and telegraphs and trains stopped all to once and everything went smash in a minute for us. First we knowed they was airy-planes and then them jackanapses on hossback, with little spears. But I've killed a lot of 'em! I'll bet they ain't no one man in the Army killed any more!"

"Humph!" Potter fumbled in his pocket for some cigarettes that he had raided from a deserted village store. "I got two myself on my way up—came from the ruins of New York by trains, automobile, horse, and on foot."

"Ruins of New York!" The woodsman let his rifle butt thump to the ground. "But where's the Army?"

Potter groaned.

"Didn't you know that the United States never had a real Army? Five hundred thousand of the Enemy landed! They're flowing west like water, and there's another horde coming!"

"Godfreys mighty!" It was a whisper this time. "You don't mean to say, mister, that this country's going to get *licked?*"

Here was a specimen typifying millions, and Potter looked at him with the interest of the psycho-sociologist.

"The country is already licked, my friend," he answered. "Have you anything to eat? I breakfasted on greenings from my grandfather's orchard, and they'd have been much better three months from now."

"Hey?" Evidently another surprise had been injected into the man's mind. "You don't mean to say you're old Philetus Potter's grandson? Why, I earnt my first money working for him!"

"Yes—Howland Potter." A remembrance was stirring. "You must be Ben Freeman?"

"Gosh, I'm tickled to death!" Freeman had his hand in a finger-wrenching grip. "You come back to old Crowquill when they was trouble, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I'm going to starve, Ben, if you don't scare up some breakfast," he smiled. "Where's your camp?"

"In the ravine east of this spur. Got a good-for-nothing city gal there that I found wandering 'round your house yesterday. Guess that's what made me peevish first off this morning."

"Indeed?" Potter was thinking of bacon and corn bread and coffee. He followed Freeman with his old swinging step and felt, for the moment, a lifting of the bitter sadness that was upon him.

Suddenly, under a thickly woven lean-to of cedar, he beheld the girl of whom Freeman had spoken. Her automobile coat spoke Fifth Avenue. She raised eyes that Potter imagined drawing men three-deep in a ballroom, and pushed away from them a tumble of brown hair.

"A gentleman!" she cried, and was on her feet. "You must take me away from here at once!"

He looked at her with no feeling save irritation that she might delay his breakfast. Pity and admiration and the emotions of a normal world had been wrung out of him in the days of blood and hate through which he had come.

"You may be very thankful to be where you are," he answered coldly, and turned to Freeman. "Where's the breakfast, Ben?"

The girl had stepped before him, in a flurry of anger and fear and outraged dignity.

"I am Mathilde Durand!" she exclaimed. "My father is Alexander Durand! We were going to Canada by automobile and yesterday we stopped down here while I went to the river for water. When I came back the car and father had disappeared! And—and I ask you to take me away from here at once, to my father, or the Enemy's headquarters, or somewhere!"

Potter wrenched his eyes from the cache whence Freeman was taking food. It was almost unbelievable that the girl did not realize, now, and yet he had met others like her.

"Miss Durand, the fact that Alexander Durand meant a hundred million dollars a few weeks ago has been absolutely blotted out. At this moment he is of less power than I because I am younger and stronger; and I am less than Freeman, here, because he has a gun. If you want to go to the Enemy, walk right down into the valley. The first young lieutenant of hussars you meet will make you his mistress! Freeman has saved you from death, or worse!"

Even as she shrank away from him with an incoherent cry, his teeth were in the hunk of johnnycake that Ben Freeman held out. He tasted, with joy, the smack of bacon fat instead of butter.

"That's what I been trying to tell her, but I didn't have the eddication to put it right!"

Potter, his mouth full, nodded and reached for a tin cup of cold coffee. The girl's sobs were in his ears only as so much sound. Pity had been nearly burned out of him. He knew it, and tried to regret it, but the johnnycake was delicious on his tongue. It was a week since he had eaten as good a meal.

When he could eat no more, Howland Potter sighed contentedly and reached for a cigarette. For the first time in many days something of peace came over him, and he remembered his rudeness to the girl. The desire for life, perfunctory before, pressed him to take thought.

"Ben," he said, "what's the situation here?"

Freeman, stretched out on the other side of the ashes that marked his last fire, looked up with a sudden flash in his deepset eyes. His forehead twisted into a frown.

"Burning, killing, and the rest," he growled. "Sometimes the officers tries to stop the women part and sometimes they're the worst!"

"I know all that!" Potter swept it aside with a wave of his cigarette. "Merely incidental to invasion. I mean the important things."

The girl shuddered, but Freeman seemed to understand.

"Why, first off we raised milishy—of course the reg-lar soldiers had been took away from Plattsburg barracks—and we done it quick. You know everybody 'round here can handle a gun. But I'll be durned! Them devils shot prisoners, because we didn't have *uniforms!* Now they're all around Crowquill, shelling every house where they find a gun. The milishy is *dead!* It's burn and shoot, burn and shoot, burn and shoot! Man, they killed Abner Hayes' hull fambly because Abner fired jest once!"

"Humph!" Potter was considering the movements of the Enemy from a strategic standpoint. "They're occupying the old water route to Canada—the Hudson, Lake George and Lake Champlain—and it's just as good strategy as it was in Revolutionary times.

"Revolutionary times!" Freeman caught the phrase and it fired him to sit up. "Godfreys mighty, I wish it was them times! What's Washington doing, I'd like to know, to let the country get licked this way?"

Howland Potter, slowly returning to something like himself, pitied the big, simple patriot.

"It's the American illusion, Ben, that ails you. In the first place, there isn't any more Washington. These chaps have burned it much more thoroughly than the British did. President Vanderhuysen killed himself and the Secretary of State is a prisoner. The 'country' was 'licked' before the War began! And there hasn't been any 'country' in the sense you mean, for a good many years! There has been merely a section of the North American continent, called the United States and inhabited by Bohunks and Dagoes and square-head Scandinavians, conceited Germans, wild Irish! —and so forth!"

Freeman was on his feet now, eyes blazing as though at a personal affront. Mathilde Durand was visibly frightened.

"Howland Potter, you'd ought to be ashamed to talk like that! Your grandad fit for the Union and his grandad fit the British! Godfreys mighty! Every time I think of

them bloody feet at Valley Forge I go down the mountain and kill one of them brown uniformed cusses! What's the matter of you, Howland? Think of Ethan Allen, walking right into Fort Ticonderogy like a lion, and saying: 'In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress—"

"Don't shout so, Ben, or your voice'll carry into the valley," Potter interrupted, although gently. "I grant there were some patriots then, and perhaps the beginnings of a country. But all that has passed into the Illusion. Ethan Allen never said: 'In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.' He kicked on the British commandant's door and yelled: 'Come out of there, you damned old rat!'"

"Hey?" Freeman was jolted to momentary silence. The girl showed interest.

"That is a matter of record," continued Potter. "I happen to know because I did some research work in college."

"Howland, is that the honest truth?" The mountaineer suddenly looked his years, leaning forward earnestly.

"Yes," answered Potter. "I mentioned it merely to drive home that your really admirable patriotism is wasted. It's up to you and me to save our lives, and look out for Miss Durand. The country is a myth. North America has been taken by the Invaders, for their children's children."

"My God!" Ben Freeman whispered the words, letting his head sink down. Potter was deeply sorry for him, but if they were to maintain themselves on Crowquill, especially with the unwelcome girl, there was need that he give thought to something beside his long guerilla warfare.

"Mr.—Mr. Potter, what do you suppose will become of my father?" Miss Durand was well controlled now and Potter noted that her anxiety was not for herself.

"From what you said," he replied, trying to interpret her story in the most comforting way, "I think he must be a prisoner. Of course they'll learn who he is and handle him carefully in order to bring various interests to amicable relations."

"But it wouldn't be safe for me to go to him?"

"Not for a few weeks, until the country is pacified and the foreign authority established."

"Foreign authority established!" She repeated his words. "I can't realize that there is to be no more America —*no more America!*"

"It ain't true! I tell you it ain't true!" Ben Freeman's hands were clenched. "I know you mean all right, Howland, but it can't be that God Almighty's going to let this country, that stands for men thinking and talking and acting free, be took by an emperor! I don't believe it!"

There was the light of fanaticism in his eyes as he shook his great fists toward the valley.

"Nor I don't believe that about Ethan Allen. The book was wrong. The great Jehovah will smite them murderers and they'll go like dust in the wind! They's hope for this country, yet!"

Howland Potter waited anxiously until the outburst had subsided. For several moments he had thought that faint sounds coming to him through the morning stillness were not those of the mountain and he wanted the aid of Freeman's quick ears.

"Listen, and tell me if you hear anything, Ben," he said, as the other stood with heaving chest and working lips. Instantly Freeman was alert. He whirled and snatched up his rifle.

"They's another gun and a full cattridge belt under that flat stone that marks the cache!" he cried. "Get it and come with me, quick, onto the spur! Bring the gal!"

"What's the matter?" she demanded. Potter saw, as he reached for the rifle, that she was not panicky.

"Sounds like a detachment of troops sent up to stop Freeman's sniping, very likely! Come on, and hurry!"

She gathered up her skirts and ran beside him, ducking under the limbs of trees, as he followed after the woodsman. Breathing hard, they joined him in the clump of pines where Potter had spent the night. This was the tip of the spur, which rose like a giant shoulder of rock out of the mountain, and from it there was a clear view of the old woodroad, wind-

ing downward. In places where fire or the axe had thinned trees and brush, they could see even the stone and log encumbered surface of the road.

Now the sounds that Potter had heard came more clearly. There was the creak of leather, a gruff word or two, and occasionally the snap of a dead branch. As the three watched, one of the openings was suddenly filled with men, marching upward. There were perhaps two score brown uniforms blending with the woods, and they marched in columns of twos with a swaggering young officer at their head.

"Amen, Lord, amen!" Ben Freeman's thick brown fingers were opening and closing against the stock of his rifle. Potter glanced at him sharply. He was beginning to suspect that the woodsman had been driven more than half insane by the slaughter and burning and the lonely vigils of his single-handed war against the greatest power among the nations of earth.

"We'd better get out of here, quick, Ben!" he whispered. "If they know anything at all they'll find where you camped and then search the whole spur."

"The Lord has put 'em into my hands, Howland, for His vengeance! Freeman seemed not to have heard Potter's suggestion. "I'm a-going to break 'em up, Howland, and they're a-going to die like Abner Hayes' folks died!"

For an instant Potter was of two minds. He could flee with the girl while Freeman fought, for the old man would die hard, and this was the sane thing to do. But there stirred within him a rage that scattered all his philosophies. If this unlettered countryman could die for an ideal that had vanished from the earth, then Howland Potter would be shamed to live. There was the girl, however. He turned to her.

"Miss Durand," he said, searching her eyes with a keen glance. "It's time for you and me to go—if we're going."

Her face was shining with a light that seemed to have reshaped all the mouldings of Alexander Durand's hundred million dollars.

"What good is life going to be if there isn't any more

America?" she asked. "You aren't cynical—you're only sick at heart! Let's stay with him!"

Freeman already was moving silently away. Potter, swept by exaltation, seized the girl's hand and followed. Here on old Crowquill three of the last Americans would die. He was glad.

Swiftly and almost without sound Freeman's bulk climbed upward along the spur and then swung out in the arc of a circle. Potter, coming behind and helping Mathilde Durand when the pace was too fast for her, realized that they were making toward the head of the woodroad, a place well chosen for a last stand.

Ben Freeman evidently had divined or hoped that sooner or later a detachment of the Enemy would come seeking him by that way. For on the brink of each cliff there was piled a mass of stones, more than head-high and ready to topple over in a bone crushing avalanche. The stones were from the weight of a few pounds to rocks half as big as a man's trunk, and they were cunningly laid up so that the heavier were on top. In each case there was a keystone, from under which protruded an oak sapling for a lever.

Potter stood in silent admiration of that ambuscade while Freeman listened, his eyes on the tree-surrounded mouth of the ravine. It was Mathilde Durand who spoke first.

"If only I had a gun!" she exclaimed.

The woodsman heard her. He hesitated and then drew an old army revolver from under his coat.

"You take that," he said. "I was saving it for the end but it's worse for you to be took alive than for me."

"Get down behind that stump, here at the head of the ravine," said Potter, as he appraised the value of their position. "Get the officer if you can, but save one shot!"

"They're a-coming!" Freeman's voice was drawn taut. "Howland, you take the left side and heave the minute you see my rocks tumble!"

He loped along the brink of the cliff. Potter held out his hand to the girl and smiled.

"If we don't get them all, then good-by!"

She smiled back at him as her handclasp met his. Suddenly his heart was wrenched with pity for her. But there came the sound of many feet and he ran. He put his rifle close to hand and looked through an opening in the rockpile.

A few words of harsh command and then the young officer, sword drawn, appeared from among the trees. Behind him marched the column, the men's faces stolid, unquestioning, as he led them into the ravine. His eyes sought the walls, to right and left, evidently in natural expectation that the road pushed on through some other opening. It was not until he was within ten feet of the apex of the angle, with the pairs of bobbing helmets following, that he realized the cul-de-sac. He stopped and wheeled, precisely.

Then the scrape of rock on rock came to the ears of Potter, and looking toward the opposite brink he saw the avalanche there tremble to a fall. He grasped his sapling near the end and lifted with all the strength that was in his back and shoulders. The mass of stones grated within itself and yielded with a suddenness that let him snap upright.

There was a mighty double crash, pierced by sharp cries of fear. Then one scream, rising louder to a sudden break, cut through the medley of sound. After that commands, groans, and the bark of rifles mingled in a bedlam of war: and Potter was looking down, seeking a target amid the puffs of smoke and dust.

The rocks had fallen to a good end. Broken men lay or rolled over the moss carpet. Some wrestled beneath the weight that was on them. But the column, shattered, was reforming under staccato orders from the officer. And even in this moment Potter found himself admiring the peculiar genius of that people. Other troops would have run, either in flight or to cover.

Potter tried twice for the officer, and missed. The formation closed up. Suddenly, at the third shot, the young officer flung out his sword arm, whirled, dropped. In that instant the bond that had held the soldiers to their massacre broke. They ran, stumbling over rocks and bodies, while

death pursued from the rifle of Ben Freeman. The handful that was left plunged into the woods and the noise of their running came back through a stillness broken only by groans from the floor of the ravine.

When there was no longer a moving enemy in sight, Freeman turned away from the cliff. He walked in a swaying half circle, and then went down. His great body stiffened out. Potter was running toward him. At the head of the ravine Mathilde Durand rose up, blanched and shaking, from behind her stump.

Freeman's eyes were open when they bent over him.

"Lift me up," he whispered. "I hear guns!"

Mathilde, steadier now, sat down and Potter lifted the woodsman's head to her lap. Then it came to him that there were guns, bellowing and booming from every part of the valley. Even Crowquill trembled to their frantic roar.

"Go see, Howland, quick!" The old man strengthened his voice by a great effort. "Mebbe it's come—mebbe it's come!"

Potter ran to the end of the ravine wall and swung up into the branches of a big pine. Twenty feet from the ground he stopped and looked out over the wooded sides of the mountain. Something had happened. The United States had no army and yet a great battle was on, part of which was being fought out there in the sunlit valley of the Bouquet. And it was a strange battle, such as no man had ever seen before.

Big guns thundered everywhere and masses of smoke, sometimes thick and black, sometimes white and drifting, hung in rolling billows. Brown lines of infantry, thousands upon thousands of men, moved across the fields. But it was down from mountain peaks and from hovering aeroplanes that the wonder of this battle of battles came.

From these dropped thin shafts of light other than that of the sun. All the colors of the spectrum flashed and sparkled and shifted in the long bars that moved, now fast, now slow, and appeared and disappeared. One shaft traced the length of a marching column of soldiers, and those men

were no more. The column, also, burst into a dazzle of spectral colors and then there was no life where it had been. The shafts played here and there, beautifully, bringing annihilation to regiment after regiment. And the big guns thundered with folly, shooting at light.

Howland Potter watched for a full minute and then, remembering Freeman, tore himself from that grand and terrible vengeance. He saw answering although uncomprehending joy in the eyes of Mathilde Durand as she looked up and read his face. He knelt beside the old mountaineer.

"Ben," he said, "the Enemy is going like snow in the sun. They've brought the electron guns on from California, and tonight the country will be free!"

Fire burned up in the eyes of the dying man.

"I knowed it, Howland! I knowed it! What be they, them guns?"

"Svensen and O'Connell discovered the principle—Torelli and Steinhausen applied it. It breaks up any form of matter into its ultimate principle—the guns, for instance, send animal life to nothing in a flash of colored light. The guns were talked of weeks ago, but nobody believed in them."

"A Swede and an Italian!" The girl was speaking. "An Irishman and a German!"

Potter bowed, humbly acknowledging the rebuke. Then Ben Freeman found his voice again.

"It was true, Howland! The Lord smites 'em and they go like dust in the wind! And it was true about Ethan Allen, too, wa'n't it?"

"Yes, in his soul he said it!"

The big hand shut down convulsively upon that of Potter. Freeman's eyes closed but his lips moved.

"*In the name of the great Jehovah—*"

Death broke the sentence.

Howland Potter's heart grew big with grief and joy and pride and self-reproach. He looked into the tear-filled eyes of Mathilde Durand.

"In the name of the great Jehovah," he repeated, softly, "freedom still lives!"

WARTIME SKETCHES

JAY CAMPBELL

THE DRUM

"NOW, isn't this better than lying in bed?" she asked, as she tucked the blanket around my feet.

"If you only knew," I replied, still panting from fatigue, caused by my unaccustomed ten-foot walk, "how I've longed to sit here, in this long chair, by the window, to watch the garden, and hear the people, in the street there, behind the hedge."

"Well, here you are, and here are your books and the bell. Miss Anderson will take care of you. I go off duty now, and am going in to Paris."

"Anything more you want, before I go?" she asked, backing toward the door.

"Would you mind asking Jacques again if the morning papers have come? The evening ones were so terrible: we must know today whether there's going to be war. I dreamed all sorts of horrible dreams about it all night. Today, everything is too quiet, even for Sunday, and the very silence seems ominous. Just now, somebody's motor backfired and scared me nearly to death."

"That's only weakness," she said, almost at the door now. "You'll be over that in a day or two. I'll bring you a paper out from Paris, this afternoon. I just asked about ours; don't know what's the matter with them. If there's anything interesting, in the meantime, I'll telephone it out to you. But you stop thinking about all the horrible things in the world, that will never happen, and devote all your energies to getting well!" (She had caught the door-knob the very first try.)

"Good-by!"—and she was gone.

After my long weeks of bare white walls, the trees and grass were very green and beautiful. The red geraniums, in the flower beds, positively glowed; but my mind was too

much occupied with the tragic rush of events in the papers of yesterday, with the possibilities for today. Finally, I lay back, eyes closed, while my imagination ran riot.

Suppose it did happen, what would it all mean, even for far-away America? It was too much to realize.

The honk of an automobile set me trembling all over, then that sinister, ominous silence settled down again.

"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"

A drum.

"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"

The patter of many rushing feet, like confused shadows, flitted past the hedge.

"Look, Maman!" yelled the voice of a child. "Hurry!"

". . . Slower . . . God's sake . . . done for!" panted a man.

A woman's shriek: *"Mon Dieu! It's the. . . .!"*

They were growing fewer now.

A cab! No! The resounding clatter of a galosh-shod child.

"Clack!"—it stopped.

A hush, then silence.

"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"

"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"

"Republique Francaise," droned the voice of officialdom. "Armies of land and sea, general mobilization.

"First day of the mobilization, Sunday, Second of August. . . ."

The rest was lost in the buzzing of the audience; but what did details matter? It had come.

The voice ceased. They were returning.

Slowly and sadly dragged the scraping feet. Voices sputtered, confused and excited.

"Moi, I'm going as a volunteer!" rang the confident tones of incipient manhood. *"This time we'll beat them, the dirty Germans! Vive la France!"*

"Ah, mon Jean! You must go? But what will become of us, me and our little ones?"

"Don't cry, cherie; it is for France . . ."

"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!" roared the distant drum. *"Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!"*

LE DEPART

"R.r.r.r....rip!" snarled the drums,—*"r.r.r.r.... rip, r.r.r.r....rip..rip..rip!"* Then there burst in through the summer air, the fiery strains of the *"Chant du Départ."*

In a moment, I was outside the door, in another, down the steps, into the street, covering, at break-neck speed, the two long Paris blocks, which separated me from the sound.

They were passing, the soldiers of France: youth and middle-age, peasants and millionaires, apaches and bank clerks—*Soldiers of France!*

Alike were they in their long blue overcoats, in their bright red trousers, alike in their heavy packs and long Lebel rifles, with tiny flags stuck in the muzzles, alike in their grim faces, in their grim strides, as their hob-nailed shoes clanked on the cobbles, alike in the song they sang, when they took up the words of the music.

Louder and louder it rose, till the street rang with it.

France was marching to War, and I knew that before she returned, she would remove the crepe from the Strassbourg statue, or go down entire, under the heel of the conqueror.

France was marching to War, and the France that must remain, the France that was, the France that will be, the France that must suffer, lined the sidewalks to see her off.

Some distributed flowers and chocolates to the soldiers, as they passed; and, every now and then, one would break into the ranks, to give a last embrace to son or husband.

Their cheers of *"Vive l'Armée!"*, *"Vive la Patrie!"* were vibrant with suffering at their personal losses; yet also, with patriotism and their readiness, if need be, to give their all for France.

Soon, the soldiers passed and vanished into the sun-

set; but still the crowd waited on, gazing after them; and the women, being women, wept.

The music and footsteps grew fainter. People began to turn sadly homeward; but motionless still, one young woman stared on, with tragic, unseeing eyes.

Her world, her home was vanishing, with the soldiers.

I could almost feel their echoing feet tramp on her tense heartstrings; and the knell of her hopes seemed to clang with each mechanical wave of the tiny handkerchief gripped in her left hand.

Clinging tightly to the other, was a rosy little child.

"*Maman,*" she lisped, lifting up her great blue eyes.

"*Maman, cherie, when will he come back, Papa?*"

HARDSHIPS

"*Non. Monsieur,* he is not in, Monsieur Scott," said the hotel clerk,—"but he will return at six o'clock, which it almost is now. Will Monsieur wait?"

"Thank you, I'll wait in there," I answered, turning toward the writing room.

"*Bien, Monsieur.*"

It was Paris no longer, the hotel writing room, but a little corner of America, of America helpless and frightened.

Men sat around in dejected groups. Wives and pretty daughters gazed beseechingly at husbands, who, having already unsuccessfully besought all things possible, looked merely foolish and beaten.

"But Father," implored an alluring, very much grown-up miss of about sixteen years, looking up into his great coarse face, "it's my first time in Paris, and I do want some pretty clothes. You know it will be months before we find our trunks, and I've got to wear something."

"Talk sense!" he rasped. "You'll be lucky to get food, much less clothes. You know I've tried every bank in this town and can't get a cent on my letter of credit. They laugh at me, *damn 'em!* . . . say they haven't any money . . . to come back in three days . . . then they're going to charge me ten per cent exchange. . . .

money's no good anyway, if you haven't got change . . . I tried to get lunch in four restaurants, on a hundred franc bill, and I had to come back here, before I could get anything to eat . . . they wouldn't change it . . . couldn't get a taxi . . . had to walk all the way . . . got lost . . . this damned language! . . . *um.m.m.m!*" he subsided, wrathfully.

"Yes, Nancy," chirped the sparrow-like mother, "do be sensible and let's get away from this awful War. We'll come back afte. . . ."

"*Get away!*" fairly roared the husband. "Haven't I been camping in front of steamship offices for three days, half the time in the rain, and all I could get within a mile of were booked up for two months ahead? I've done my best. Now you do something, if you're so anxious to get away . . . and Nancy had better get her clothes, if she can find the money; for, if ever I do get away from this damned country, you'll never get me back again!"

The three middle-aged men, around the desk next to mine, pricked up their ears.

All were of the type of successful business men, dragged abroad to wrestle with the languages and customs of Europe, by way of pleasure; and all, at the present moment, seemed very much depressed over the agonizing problem of leaving the country, a problem that both American dollars and brains had failed to solve.

One of them sat silent and hopeless, elbows on the desk, chin in his hands. The other two continued, listlessly, their conversation:

". . . . and some blamed fool persuaded me to have all my money changed into German gold. The whole family's been lugging it around in money belts, weighted down like cart horses. Now, when I need it, I don't dare even mention the fact that it's in existence. The worst part of the business is that, besides, I've got only four hundred dollars to get us all home. I don't know what the devil I'm going to do.

"That—Carnegie!" suddenly burst out the silent one. "Ever since he started his fool peace business, we've been having wars!"

THE STRANGER

It was a long trip.

Taxis and cabs passed me disdainfully by. The street-car rails were already choked with dirt, and even the Métro, when I finally reached it, insisted on taking me a station too far.

As I walked back to his house, in the gathering darkness, I began to think of him and his life. I wondered what he could find to love in France, he, with his narrow ideas, his gross materialism, with his shiny bullet head, his beads of eyes, and his harsh, grating voice—in spite of his big heart, striking a note of discord in every scene of Paris life, during the five years he had lived here.

There he was now, at his piano, playing ragtime, while the hearts around him were bleeding for sons and fathers and husbands, snatched away only yesterday, into the terrible vortex of War.

I was not the only one who felt it. Gathered on the sidewalk, was a little group of his neighbors. Before I could reach his door, they were upon me.

"Will Monsieur have the kindness to ask his friend to stop playing the piano? One must not be gay like that: *France is in mourning.*"

THE POSTER

Leisurely, he set down his roll of posters and his bucket of sticky paste. Leisurely, he took up his brush and surveyed the billboard, with his same proud air of revealing a mystery, just as if he thought that these were ordinary times, the gruff, white-clad bill-poster, and that he could find people to read his posters, when everyone was fleeing to the trains for the south and safety.

There, behind him, as he worked, a terrified woman was dragging herself along, staggering under the weight of two

enormous hand-bags, after her, a man, Atlas-like, with the world in the shape of a steamer trunk. In the street, a decrepit taxicab was bearing one frightened family and its belongings; close behind it, a hay cart, with the bodies and treasures of another.

He couldn't think they would stop to read his poster!

Leisurely, he brushed it, doubled, against the shiny bed he had made for it, partly covering two old show posters, with the elevating titles: "Sans Culottes, Mesdames," and "Cache ton Nu." Leisurely, he opened it out and pressed it flat into place.

Yes, people *would* stop to read it. They would read it a second time. They would remember it all their lives.

It shone, white and clean, a symbol of the new France!

MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF PARIS!

ARMY OF PARIS!

INHABITANTS OF PARIS!

THE MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE REPUBLIC HAVE LEFT PARIS, IN ORDER TO GIVE A NEW IMPULSE TO THE NATIONAL DEFENSE.

I HAVE RECEIVED THE ORDER TO DEFEND PARIS AGAINST THE INVADER.

THIS ORDER I WILL CARRY OUT.

Paris, 3 September, 1914.

The Military Governor of Paris,
commanding the Army of Paris,
GALLIENI.

The bill-poster grinned at me, while I read it.

"Pas bon, Monsieur?" he asked, when I had finished. "That, that's a job which gives me pleasure!" And gathering up his things, he started off down the street, with a last look back, as much as to say: *There! That will make them stop and think!*

And no one did pass without stopping, till, in a few moments, we had a crowd, whose faces, sad and dejected on arrival, were already beaming.

"I have no longer fear!" sighed a withered old woman, thankfully; and, as if to continue her sentence, the soldier with the bandaged arm murmured half unconsciously: "One could die for a general like that!"

"But you won't get Paris, Messieurs les Allemands!" shouted a radiant newsboy, and springing on his bicycle, he dashed off down the street.

Almost unnoticed, a cab stopped short, in full flight, and drew up at the curb, a rickety cab, piled with trunks and valises, and containing as passengers a self-effaced middle-aged woman and a dapper little white-haired man with a long red nose and a wonderful air of self importance.

He sprang out, bustled up to the crowd, and standing on tiptoe, peered over the shoulders in front of him. He spied the poster, and as he read, his chest expanded with each new word. Strange to say, however, instead of becoming cheerful, like the others, he grew angry, and angrier, and angrier.

Suddenly, he whirled around and dashed back to his cab.

One foot on the step, he waved his arms wildly at his startled wife, and sputtered:

"We go not! . . . I shall remain with General Gallieni! . . . you have not shame to wish to leave? . . . to make of me a coward?"

"But what is it that you have?" demanded the woman, frightened. "It was not me, it. . . ."

"But you were the cause . . . De retour, Cocher!" he shouted, jumping to his seat. "You understand not? . . . Imbecile! . . . A la maison! . . . from where we came! . . . and hurry!"

TEA AND TAUBES

There were people everywhere.

They thronged the sidewalks, the balconies before the windows were packed with them, and I could see many more overhead, on the flat roofs.

All were gazing expectantly upward.

I stopped and gazed too; but all I could see was the deep blue of a clear August sky, dotted by a few insignificant tufts of clouds, that could not possibly cause all that commotion.

Still, the people gazed.

With my American curiosity yelling for satisfaction, I began to look around for an oracle kind-hearted enough not to ridicule my ignorance of this thing that all the world understood.

Finally I selected him, a dignified old gentleman whose well-kept gray hair and mustache, whose immaculate clothes, with the red rosette of the Legion of Honor, and above all whose fine, intelligent features marked him for a person of distinction. Leaning slightly on his gold-headed cane, he was gazing, not at the sky, but at the crowd, with an expression of interest and appreciation that I liked immensely.

"Pardon, Monsieur," I asked him in my very best French, "but will you tell me what is the matter in the sky?"

He turned on me two kindly gray eyes, which twinkled amusedly, as he answered, in excellent English:

"You do not know, Monsieur? It is the hour for the taube."

"Oh, the German aeroplanes!"

"Yes, each day, at tea time, they make us a visit, and drop, or as the peasants say, spit their bombs at us, and notes, stating that the Germans are winning."

"But aren't the people frightened?"

"No, only interested. To me it seems another proof of the perversity of human nature, that when they attempt to terrorize Paris, even as she is, deserted by her Government, by nearly half her population, and with the enemy almost at her gates, they only succeed in attracting everybody into the streets to watch them. 'Je m'en fiche!', as you will hear them say. It has even reached the point where those whose homes command a good view invite

their friends to tea and taubes; and they are much disappointed if they don't get both.

"Really, we owe a debt of gratitude to the Germans for the taubes. This sounds ridiculous, I know; but, when to the tragic uncertainty of a son or father at the front, there are added the other uncertainties of a retreating army and an approaching enemy, it means something to be able to look forward to the excitement of the afternoon taube, and the possibility of seeing it brought down by the French aeroplanes. And they do very little da. . . ."

Above the bedlam of shouts and pointing arms, a tiny speck was buzzing its way across the sky.

"There it is now!" exclaimed my friend. "Listen to the crowd!"

"See it? No, but I hear it! Nom d'un nom! Look there! I see it! There it is! Oh, I see it! Is it a taube? I see the crosses! Vile bird! Bring down the dirty German! But he must be very brave to fly over Paris!"

On all sides began to pop every kind of contraband firearm, causing a shower of lead, much more dangerous than bombs from the taube could ever be.

"Stop firing!" suddenly yelled somebody. "French one!"

Sure enough, a French aeroplane did sweep into view, flying lower than the other, the tricolor concentric circles beneath the wings plainly visible. It followed the German behind the housetops, where, after several minutes of anxious waiting by all those who had not dashed madly after it, it reappeared alone.

"Oh, he didn't get him!" was the universal sigh of disappointment.

"Well, it's all finished for today," said my friend, "but if you will do me the honor to meet me tomorrow at five, at the terrace of the little restaurant of the Place de l'Alma, we will have our own party of tea and taubes."

"*Tomorrow!*" echoed a dozen voices around me. "Yes, and be on time!"

THE PARTITION OF ISLAM

PHILIP CATZEFLIS

THE one big outstanding fact of the World War in so far as Asiatic peoples are concerned is that Turkey is no longer the leader of Islam. No matter whether Turkey is eventually with the winning or with the losing side, the religious power which has permitted the Turk to hold together his conquered races is broken forever. Win or lose, the Young Turk has destroyed Turkey.

One does not hear much of what really is going on within the realm of the Star and Crescent; the only news is bad news, and that kind of news does not pass the German censor. I have been in Syria since Turkey entered the War. I knew the conditions thoroughly at that time and I am constantly in touch with refugees. My information is both timely and accurate.

The peoples throughout all Turkey are starving; in Syria alone 80,000 have died from starvation within the year. Men and women may be seen out on the hills trying, like animals, to exist on the grasses and shrubs. Belgium and Poland are lands of plenty in comparison with Syria. And Syria is only one of the parts of Turkey; the same conditions are everywhere. Revolution is smoldering and needs only a puff to bring it into flame; when the flame bursts forth it will be all consuming—and bloody beyond record.

The situation throughout the Turkish Empire, the control of the Young Turks, the refusal of the Sheik to declare a Holy War, the revolt of the Arabs, and the various other factors which enter into the situation are involved and complicated by racial and religious antagonism. Politics in Turkey fairly whir.

First look at the elements in the situation, and then at the situation itself. *The Turk is the most unpopular man in Turkey. He won his realm by conquest and he is still a conqueror, with all the hatred that goes with the name.*

The Arabic Mohammedans detest the Turkish Mohammedans, while the Christians are divided into many sects and races with as much disagreement among themselves as against the Turk. The term Turk must not be confused with Moslem. The Moslems are the direct descendants of the nomadic Arabs, of whom the prophet Mohammed was an offspring, and they still live in the deserts and still maintain the primitive traditions of their race, one of which is an abhorrence of the Turk.

The Mohammedan population is divided into three classes: the clergy, the soldiers, and the laymen; and it must be remembered that the government of Islam is based upon the Koran and that the Koran is written in such a fantastic and equivocal style as to be susceptible of varied readings. Therefore, the judge in a Turkish tribunal is always a high priest, and every action that the government takes must, of necessity, be justified by the *Sheik-el-Islam* who is in constant touch with the Sultan. The Turks themselves are converts to Mohammedanism and they have none of the sacred traditions of the faith; they profess an ardent religious spirit—only to keep in hand the other Mohammedan races under their rule and, more especially, the Arabs. The Turk's chief hold upon the Arab is found in a religious fanaticism. The preliminary of every war is a propaganda to the effect that the Christian nations intend to invade the holy cities and to trample out the rights of the faith. The soldier and the Sheik go hand in hand, the one with his sword and the other with his sermon.

There is no racial homogeneity in Turkey and the Turkish subjects have never had a common cause. It is an empire held together in part by tyranny and in part by religious fanaticism. We find Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Druzes, Nysiriat, Mitwaly, and Christians of all denominations. And there is everywhere the most profound distrust between the Christian and the Moslem. The Moslem looks back to Asia and the things that were, while the Christian is always a follower of some one of the European races. There is but one instance in history where

the Christian has shown anything like loyalty to the Ottoman ruler, and that was after the Declaration of the Turkish Constitution, when he imagined that a new era had begun. That delusion was short-lived. It was soon discovered that the Constitution was merely a kind of unstable varnish that had been put over the old institutions and the old hatreds.

Why did Turkey enter the European War and why on the side of the Central Powers? The Entente had provided Turkey with every assurance for the safeguarding of her neutrality and for the preservation of her territorial boundaries during and after the struggle. The interests of the Turks and the Bulgars are diverse, and it would seem casually that Turkey had everything to lose and nothing to gain by mixing in—especially since she was already bankrupt. To find the reasons, it is necessary to go back to the régime of Abdul-Hamid and Turkey's international position. Each of the present Entente Powers had an interest adverse to Turkey. France had Algeria and Morocco, and knew therefore that the strengthening of Turkey must result in a menace to her African possessions. Russia is the eternal enemy of Turkey so long as the Sultan holds Constantinople. England cannot permit a Turkish rise to power, for that would not only endanger Egypt and the Suez Canal, but might easily stir up the great Mohammedan population of India. The one country to which the deposed Sultan could turn was Germany. The Kaiser knew perfectly well how much the Sultan stood in need of him, and he also needed the Sultan, for the part that Turkey is now playing in closing Russia's communication with the Allies. Abdul-Hamid was the personification of cunning, and he wooed Germany by unlimited concessions. He was a thorough believer in the Turkish maxim: "Give thy neighbor whatsoever you may steal back from him."

Emeer-Ill Momineen, Prince of the Believers, resolved with the co-operation of Germany to rehabilitate his ragged armies, to keep pace with the development of the science of war, and to regain the ancient position of Turkey. The Kaiser found that the Sultan's intentions perfectly suited his

own plans. The German military schools were open to Turkey's officers. German generals, admirals, and army organizers took charge of the Turkish forces. German influence was overwhelming. When I last came in direct contact with the Turkish army, I found the native officers so Germanized that they used that language in their ordinary conversation. Intermarriage with Germans was not at all unusual.

While Germany was thus creating a new Turkish army on Teuton lines, the German influence was becoming more and more apparent in political affairs. Germany helped Abdul only to destroy him. Germany was behind the so-called "Young Turk" movement which culminated in the Turkish revolution of 1908 and the dethronement of Abdul-Hamid. "Young Turk" originally meant a member of a society called "Young Turkey" or "Turkie-el-Fatat," with divisional headquarters in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. The most important of these centers were in Vienna and Berlin. When the Revolution finally broke out, it was headed by two lieutenants,—Enver Bey and Niazi Bey, both of whom were kindergarten products of Germany. Enver Bey, now Pasha, liked popularity, and he kept himself in the spotlight until he forced his way to the highest rank in the administration—the Ministry of War.

Official and military Turkey, being thoroughly Germanized, were ready to join with any force that might promise them realization of the Turkish dream—the reoccupation of Egypt. The Islamic world cherishes the memory of its conquest of Egypt, and it wants to make history repeat itself. There is no reason known to the true believer why victorious progress should not again be made through the African littoral of the Mediterranean and a vast land of the Koran again be established. The Pan-Islamic movement has already given England a very considerable amount of trouble in Egypt and, had not this war disrupted the faith of Islam, the problem would likely have been a serious one.

It will be remembered that just before the opening of hostilities, Khedive Abbas II left Cairo for a visit to Moham-

med V at Constantinople. During his stay, Turkey joined with the Central Powers, and they kept Abbas II with them in order that he might join in their contemplated invasion of Egypt. Abbas II is not at all popular among the Egyptians, and his deposition by England was greeted with local enthusiasm; he will be of no value to the Young Turks in their present campaign, and the action of England in giving the title of Sultan to Hussein Kamel has promised a national integrity to Egypt which will do much to counteract the Turkish influence.

When Turkey entered the War every Christian trembled, for it was believed that at once the fanaticism of the Turk in arms would revert to its historical habit. *War in Turkey is unlike that in any other nation. When fighting with a Christian nation, the Turks take out their spite upon the Christians within their boundaries,—not upon the men of military age, but upon the unprotected families, the orphans and the children whose fathers and brothers have joined the Army under the new Turkish law that every subject is bound to serve the colors.* Before the Constitution of 1909 non-Mohammedans were exempt from military service upon the payment of a fee.

The Turk has not as yet, however, shown any widespread symptoms of an attack upon Christians. But the Sheiks have often evoked the curse of Allah upon the infidels and the only thing that is keeping them from a bloody religious war is the hour. The hour is not yet come. But it is coming,—I expect that once Germany is threatened with defeat, or finds herself too fully occupied to care for her Mohammedan partner, the storm will break. Already, *there are many signs of revolt against German rule. Von der Goltz Pasha, the German Field Marshal, was shot by a Turkish officer who was himself at once shot by a German officer. There have been numerous murders of German officials, in various parts of the Empire, and it is admitted privately by the German officials that their lives in Turkey hang by a thread. When the revolt comes, and come it must, the German officers and the leaders of the Young Turk party*

will be without question among the first to fall victims.

There are several reasons for this feeling: the first is the restraint upon the killing of Christians; the second is the famine which is throughout all Turkey; and the third is the suspicion that Enver Pasha and his associates have led Turkey into war under false pretenses. The false pretense idea gained currency when the Sheik-el-Islam refused to declare Ell-Jahad or a Holy War. It was reported that a Holy War had actually been declared, but this is untrue. The facts are interesting as being the first indication of the break-up of the solidarity of Mohammedanism.

Ell-Jahad is the appeal to all Mohammedans to join the colors of Mohammed and fight. The word itself is derived from the Arabic word "Jahada," which means to struggle for and in a broader sense to declare a thing and at the same time uphold it. One of the most prominent features of the faith is the conception that persons dying in defending or expanding its teachings are carried away from the battlefield by the Malak to an everlasting paradise.

A green flag is the emblem of a Holy War. On it is inscribed in Arabic: "A victory from God and a conquest that is nigh; proclaim the fact to the believers, O Ye Mohammed." When this flag is hoisted it is the religious duty of every Moslem to flock to it and to fight for it.

The hope of Germany and of Enver Pasha was to gain the declaration of the Holy War which would have compelled every Moslem in every part of the world to fight for his religion. The Shereef of Mecca, the descendant of the prophet, is the only person who can declare Ell-Jahad.

Enver Pasha himself visited the Grand Shereef to request Ell-Jahad while the Christians of Turkey awaited his decision in terror. It was expected that the Shereef would approve the policy of the Young Turks. He refused, and thereby opened the eyes of all Islam. The greatest blow which Turkey could have received was this refusal. For it at once destroyed the fanaticism which is so essential to the fighting Turk. The reasons for the refusal are clear. Ell-Jahad cannot be made unless aggression is committed

against the religion. The fact that the ruler of Turkey is himself a Mohammedan is not enough to authorize him to declare a Holy War. And in addition Ell-Jahad can never be declared unless the ruler be an Arab of the sacred tribe of Koriesh, who are the descendants of Mohammed; and the Kaliph himself must lead the expedition.

These legal reasons might not have had weight, but the truth is that the Shereef and those who hold in their hand the religious power of Turkey are not in accord with the policy of the "Young Turks." The "Young Turks" are too modern; they are too self-satisfied, and they handle the Mohammedan traditions most carelessly when such suits their humor. The old rulers such as Abdul-Hamid were tyrannical, but they were also religious, and they were constantly showering honors and presents upon the dignitaries of the Mohammedan faith. The "Young Turks" practically ignore the leaders of the church.

The refusal of the Holy War is behind the defection of the Arabs. All the Arabs are now either in active revolt against Turkey or are planning revolt. They have come to the conclusion that the Turkish rulers are not true Mohammedans, and they are in a frenzy over the deception. Here is an instance which will illustrate the change in attitude. Last month a great mass meeting was held in the holy mosque of Ell-Amwy in Damascus, which is the city next to Mecca in point of religious fervor, having 173 mosques. The fanatics were assembled to discuss ways and means of destroying the Christians. Speech after speech was made calling for the destruction of every Christian, when finally the venerable Sheik X arose, and made this remarkable speech:

"By the name of Allah. There is no God but Allah. Mohammed is the prophet of Allah. Brethren, let me warn you against a great evil spirit that has taken possession of some of you as a result of bad advices and misinterpretation of our noble Koran. Our beloved Government has chosen to throw in her lot with the warring nations, and if Allah wills she shall come out victorious. What ails you,

good citizens of Damascus, to have assumed this hateful attitude toward your neighbors, the Christians? Is it they who are killing our soldiers? Is it they who are invading our territories? Is it they who are menacing our capital? No, and a thousand times no. These peaceful law-abiding Christians of Damascus are our brothers in patriotism, in nationality. Our national grief is theirs. Our calamities go to their hearts as quickly as to ours. If our homes, our properties and our peace are endangered, of course, their homes, their properties and their peace would be endangered. Besides, it is our religious duty to keep peace and harmony with them. Did not our prophet recommend them to our care and protection; did he not commend us to honor their faith and respect their churches and clergy? Yes, Salaam be upon him, he went still further to say that we must tolerate our neighbors even if they have offended us. But what is more important than this is the fact that we may have to pay with our own heads, with those of our children and those of our brothers perhaps as a penalty of our foolish barbarism. The memory of the result of the Christian massacre of 1860 is yet fresh in our minds. Remember how many Sheiks of our faith and how many personages of high rank and ancestry, yes, how many such victims of their short sight were exposed in public places dangling from the gallows. And pray, what was all this misfortune for? Because the Moslems of Damascus have heeded unto unwise advices and have followed the wicked path. Dear brothers in the faith of our prophet, Salaam be upon him, leave the administration to the administrators and the Army to its generals and soldiers, and let us cultivate a nobler sentiment that we may with the co-operation of our Christian neighbors unite our moral and material capacities to rehabilitate our conditions at home, letting matters of State remain in the hands of the Almighty, who said through his chosen prophet Mohammed—

"Blessed are thou, O God that dost give the power to whomsoever it pleases thee; that dost take away the power from whomsoever it pleases thee; that dost honor whomso-

ever it pleases thee and dost humiliate whomsoever it pleases thee; in thy hands lies the blessing; thou art over everything a master."

To one who knows the Moslem temper against Christians, this speech is epochal. It means that the strongest power for the preservation of Turkey has been broken,—the religious bond. *Whatever may be the result of the War, Turkey as an empire is broken. The religious confidence of the Arabs can never be restored.*

Now what would happen in a case of German victory? The Turks and the Germans have the militaristic viewpoint in common, and doubtless an association with Germany will give the Turks some efficiency. They are now using two means to try to keep the Turkish Empire together. The first is the gallows which has devoured many of the Arab leaders; the second is Enver Pasha himself, who is just as fatal as the gallows and whose eventual method of persuasion is a threat of death, followed by death. *I understand Enver Pasha has personally shot nearly one hundred men, who from time to time opposed him in policy.*

Take the other side—an Allied victory. Undoubtedly Turkey will be partitioned among the Powers. The Russians have occupied Armenia and they will never go out. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles will be denationalized. The Mesopotamian Valley will fall to the English, while Syria and Palestine will be occupied by the French. This division will be satisfactory to the peoples of this country, the majority of whom are anti-Turkish and many of whom are pro-Ally. For instance, France is the favorite European power of the Syrian, and among the better classes French is the language of general conversation.

If Turkey should be victorious, her life would be short and troublous. But if she should lose, she would soon be only a name in history. Win or lose, the shadow of Islam has been removed from Egypt and India. Once more Germany has failed to understand a nation.

DAWN-HUNGER

CHARLES R. MURPHY

YOU are out before the day is stirring,
When things loom up at you from obscurity—
From obscurity that ceases to be obscurity and becomes
Grey twilight
Filled with depths and cold distances
From out of which keen breaths of air
Strike upon your face.
Over the sombre rampart of pine woods
The eastern sky is blanching, grows yellow,
And, before you know it, the dawn is seething
Just below, ready in a moment to thrust up
An eager sun;
And the woods are changing momently
From black to vital green,
Are alive with multitudinous stirrings
And timid venturings of song;
And their perfume, released upon the air,
Carries poignantly to you the affirmation
That the new day is glad,
And somehow deeply conscious
Of this victory of birth.

Yet you are not satisfied;
Even were you enabled to slake your thirsty spirit
On the hidden essences of the beauty before you,
You would not be satisfied;
For there are other places that call you,
Other familiar and well loved spots,
In each of which you would live these precious moments,
And in each
Witness this miracle of dawn.

There are the pine woods in front of you,
With their lonely roads
Through interminable forest wandering toward the dawn;
Some of them are sluggish with heavy white sand;
Some are mere lanes through dense thickets of scrub palmetto;
But most of them are smooth with fallen pine needles,
Resilient and soundless,
And they take their way unconfinedly,

Generously open to the life of the forest about them;
They are friendly,
Wistfully inviting,
And you know that at this hour
They would lead you to subtle, delicate,
Kindly visions of beauty;—
All except one
Which tricks you unsuspectingly
To the dismal verge of a cypress swamp
Where noon is sad enough
And sunset sombre and foreboding,
And where you feel sure that dawn
Would be heartrending.

You would be where the railroad
Cuts its way through a denser forest;
A thing not quite natural,
Yet grown with time to be almost so;
Carrying its zone of safety,
Sheer and uncompromising,
Through the divided land,
Untiringly,
As far as the eye can reach.
There would be frost on the rough-hewn ties,
And here you would not loiter,
But in the cool air would pursue
With exhilaration
The ever lengthening vista ahead
That grows clearer cut and bolder
With every step you advance,
Till, in a flash,
The sun has caught you,
And the black rails are for a time
Ribbons of silver.

And especially would you be on the river,
The river that is forever expectant,
Mysterious and luminous
Even in its sleep;
Pulsing its cool life along
Between mighty banks of sentient forest,
Feeding in sly and hidden ways,
Through reedy shallows,
Many a deep, tree-girded pool;

The river that is always the first to herald
The first faint paling
Of the sky,
And where the new day will be confirmed
By little puffs of dawn wind
Ruffling its surface.

Back of the house
There is a trail that you would like to follow;
From out a dense fringe of hammock
It emerges upon a new world of limitless prairie
Upon whose expanse
Little islets of tall, clustered palm trees
Are scattered haphazard.
Here you know the dawn would be
A thing of grey wandering mists;
And in the air would float the pungent odor
Of burnt grass,
Drifting from barren patches, smoldering still
From the hot devastation of the day before.
And you would come to the beginnings
Of secret waterways.
Tantalizing, they would call to you
And, in the timid fellowship
Of their furtive life of fish and bird,
Travel, with the great day overhead,
Toward the sunset to be and the hush of night.
You are not satisfied;
What if the serenity of dawn pierces to your heart?
You cannot realize it;
Only an intimation is yours,
An intimation of what might be
Should something be freed within you,
Something that possesses an almost unbearable clarity of vision,
Something that lies, helpless,
With bandaged eyes,
Within you.
Sometimes you nearly catch a glimpse
Of interminable possibilities,
Just as you may see a far faint star
By looking at it not directly,
But into the empty depths of the neighboring sky
Upon whose margin it will flicker
For an instant.

ZEPPELIN NIGHTS

MARY GAUNT

EVERY night we look out for the search lights. If they are showing between 10 and 10:30, we go to bed with peaceful minds. If there are none we are anxious, because we suppose Zeppelins are on the way and the search lights are not out so that there shall be nothing to guide them. But if we see the search lights seeking round the sky at midnight, then we do not go to bed because we know the Zeppelins have come and the search lights are looking for them. The curious thing is that those lights always seem to converge on the house one is in. North, south, east, west, the centre is one's humble dwelling place. Very pretty they look flashing across the sky; and when the bombs begin to fall and the shrapnel to be flung into the air, it is a most gorgeous display of fireworks. And behind it all is the creepy feeling that the grandeur and the beauty spells Danger! *Danger!* DANGER! Then, to emphasize it, comes the lumbering rumble, as of a thousand wagons, of the Zeppelin engines. I have been awakened by that sinister sound long before the search lights found and showed up the Zeppelin, a thin cigar-shaped silvery body hanging in the air at the end of a giant electric ray exactly over my house. If it is anywhere near, it is always over the house of the observer and the people. You may hear them, in this village, give a long drawn "Ah!"

"Shall we bring the children down stairs?" says the anxious mother.

"Nonsense," says the equally anxious father crossly, "no more danger than in crossing the old Kent road." He will keep the little ones sleeping, or at least amused and interested as long as possible.

But we all realize that though crossing the old Kent road in a stream of traffic has in it the elements of danger, the Zeppelins are distributing *death,* ghastly death, and we are deliriously excited when the great air-ship passes on and the search lights and shrapnel die down. In a Zeppelin raid,

there are two dangers. The danger from the bombs which may kill you, or worse—overwhelm you in the ruins of your house; and the danger of the shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns. I have said: I will run out into the garden, because I would rather be killed by a bomb than overwhelmed and smothered by bricks and mortar; and then I am reminded that where the bombs are falling there is also the shrapnel, and it would be the irony of fate to be killed by one of one's own anti-aircraft guns.

"Sit on the bottom step of your stairs," is the village dictum, "with the front door open so that you can run out if a bomb does strike the house."

We all propose to do that; but the bottom step of the stairs is not a good post of observation, so I at least must admit that I have never found myself there yet.

But then, the bombs have not so far fallen nearer than a mile or a mile and a quarter from my house. There they wrecked the small homes of three working-class families. In two were victims, but the owners of the third were away for a holiday. It was empty. The walls fell in and not out, so that a baby in its cradle and a little girl in her cot were exposed to the air in rooms without walls in the adjoining houses, were smothered in dust, scared but unhurt! Some way further off, in another town, two houses were utterly wrecked, so that no living thing could have survived; but, by the mercy of Providence, no living thing was there. The occupants, great friends, had gone for a picnic the day before; the trains had been stopped on notice of the expected raid being received; and, greatly to their chagrin, no doubt, those two families could by no manner of means reach the homes which before dawn were demolished.

How they took it, history does not relate; but I went down a long street on the outskirts of London the other day, just after a raid, and found the inhabitants calmly smiling in rows of houses in which not a single window was intact and not a front door would shut. Their view of the matter was that it had cost the Kaiser a great deal more to inflict the damage than it would cost them to repair it. There were

drawbacks, of course. Those doors that would not shut necessitated constant watchfulness, for sightseers came along, drifted in, and were apt to take anything portable they could lay their hands upon as souvenirs, regardless of the fact that it was some one's property. Curio collecting has reached fever heat in districts visited by Zeppelins. The children are out almost before they are gone, gathering bits of the bombs while they are yet too hot to touch; and one morning last week, after a raid, a woman without a hat was seen running a perambulator with a baby in it down the street while two small children clutched her skirts. Fleeing from a wrecked home? Not at all. Racing along to show the children the sights before everything had been messed up by sightseers and the police! Such is the temper of the English.

The other day we brought down a Zeppelin. Within a mile or so of it the glare and noise were so terrific that the trembling onlookers had but a vague idea of what happened; but here, sixteen miles away, the sight was magnificent. The burning Zeppelin, like a flaming world, came down, *down*, through the night sky. We could see each other's faces in the glare, and it was as if all the millions of London had joined in one rousing cheer.

That houses are wrecked and women and children are killed and maimed, can be of no military value to the Germans. But to the English, I think, it is of immense military value. In country and seaside towns, in villages such as the one I dwell in, even on the outskirts of London, with soldiers marching the streets every day, the people would have realized nothing of the horrors of war had not the Germans seen fit to bring it home to them. For every woman and child killed, for every poor home wrecked, a thousand, nay ten thousand citizens who ordinarily would be perfectly content to leave the issues of war and peace in the hands of the government, have been turned into active partisans who will endure all manner of hardships, give their last penny, give their best beloved, their stalwart sons, and say only, with deep-drawn breaths: the victims of the Zeppelin raids must be avenged! The Allies must win this War!

THE GUARDSMAN

O. C. A. Child

'TIS very quiet now the ebb and flow
Of battle's passed! How sweet the new grass smells
Beneath my face, like springtime, long ago,
On peaceful lawns at home, unscarred by shells.

How often have I, weary with my play,
Thrown myself down beside the white-lined court,
While she sat close beside me, sweetly gay,
Content to hear my mimic battles fought.

And then War came, and play was put aside;
The Guards were called to lead the way to France;
All London's streets were echoing to the stride
Of chargers' hoofs—all bright with blade and lance.

Ah! How I hoped to win my spurs and bring
My laurels back. It was a pretty thought
That sent me marching, happy as a King,
To fight that I might claim what I had sought.

I'll fumble in my jacket, ere I go;
My lips would touch a silken strand of hair
I've searched for oft before, and yet I know
She must have sent it—that it will be there.

My hands are stiff; 'tis hard to reach my breast;
I find but blood! Oh, stop, faint laboring breath!
To her those dear love days were but a jest—
At last, I know the truth. Come, kindly death!

LETTERS FROM THE FIRING LINE

By a British Army Officer

(*Continued*)

Letter XVII

OUT of trenches again. I wanted to have written you yesterday to tell you about the bombing raid on our last night in. But we had a full day, and were not relieved till late evening; so I got no chance of writing till this afternoon. But I can tell you we came out with our tails well up this time, and "A" Company putting on more side than ever. I daresay "D" Company, our closest rivals, will put up something pretty startling when we go in again. They are very determined to beat our record in every kind of strafing; and I'm bound to say they do put up some good little shows. They've two more officers than we have now; and the Boche has discovered that they are very much out for business. Whether we get Bavarians or Prussians opposite us, it makes small odds; they've no earthly chance of a quiet time while we're in the line. The public at home read about the big things, and I suppose when they read that "The rest of the Front was quiet," they're inclined to wonder how we put our time in. Ah, well, the "Quiet" of the dispatches wouldn't exactly suit a conscientious objector, I can assure you. It's a kind of "quiet" that keeps Master Boche pretty thoroughly on the hop.

You will remember that opposite our extreme left I had discovered an S-shaped opening leading through the barbed-wire to the Boche front line; and so cut, no doubt, for the convenience of their patrols at night. We decided that we would make use of that opening for a little bombing raid on our last night in. Now, you must understand that one of the chief uses of the barbed-wire entanglements is to keep off the prowling bomber. The entanglements extend to, say forty or sixty paces from the trench. You cannot hope to make accurate practice in bomb-throwing at a distance of more than thirty yards. Consequently, on the face of it, to

shy bombs into the average trench the bomber must worry his way through twenty paces of barbed-wire entanglements. It is very difficult to do that without attracting the attention of sentries, and impossible to do it quickly, with or without noise. Hence you perceive the unpleasant predicament of the bomber when he has heaved his first bomb. He has offered himself as a target to the Boche machine guns and rifles at a moment when he is in the midst of a maze of wire from which he can only hope to retreat quite slowly and with difficulty.

Then why not cut a lane through the Boche wire by means of shells, just before dark, and use that to bomb from after dark? Excellent! Only, if you were the Boche, and we cut a lane through your wire one evening just before dark, wouldn't you quite certainly train a machine gun or two on that opening so you could sweep it with fire at any moment you wished during the night; and wouldn't you have a dozen extra rifles with keen eyes behind 'em trained on the same spot; and wouldn't you be apt to welcome that nice little lane as a trap in which you could butcher English Tommies like pheasants? Wouldn't you now?

You know, at night time it is not very easy to tell the difference between the explosion of a hand-grenade and that of a rifle-grenade. But, whereas the hand-grenade could only be lobbed in from among the wire, the rifle-grenade could easily be sent over from our trench, at that particular spot on our right. So we sent 'em over, at all kinds of confusing intervals. And then, when Boche opened machine-gun fire across the lane, under the impression that our bombers were at work there, we replied with bursts of machine-gun fire trained on his parapet opposite the lane, thereby, I make no doubt, getting a certain number of heads.

It was quite an attractive game, and we kept it going till nearly midnight. Then we stopped, dead, leaving them to suppose we had given up hope of overcoming their watchfulness. We arranged to reopen the ball at one-thirty a. m. precisely, with rifle-grenades and machine-gun fire, as might prove suitable; but with no end of a row, in any case.

At one o'clock I started from Stinking Sap, on our extreme left, with twelve of our best bombers, each carrying an apronful of bombs. There wasn't a glimmer of any kind of light, then. We made direct for the S-shaped opening, and lay down outside the wire there. In our own trench, before starting, we had of course made all arrangements. I had six men on either side of me, and each man knew precisely what his particular job was. The Peacemaker never tires of insisting on that principle; and he is right. Nothing is any good unless it is worked out beforehand so that each man knows precisely his job and concentrates on it, without reference to any one else, or any hanging about waiting instructions.

At one-twenty, we began crawling down the S-shaped opening in our proper order. At one-thirty, the first rifle-grenade ripped over from the extreme right of our line. Others followed in quick succession, and on the report of the sixth, we jumped to our feet and ran forward, extending to right and left from me as we reached the inside of the wire, and chucking our first bombs—thirteen of 'em—as we got into position. It was so close there was no possibility of missing; and I can tell you thirteen bombs make some show, when they all explode beautifully right inside a trench a few yards in front of you.

It was a delightful little show, and cost us nothing in casualties, except two men very slightly wounded, one in the right foot, and the other in the left hand and arm, from our own bomb splinters. But, as our good old bombing sergeant said, it "fairly put the wind up them bloomin' sauer-krauters." Incidentally, and owing far more to the fine behavior of the men than to anything I did, it earned quite a lot of bouquets from different quarters for your "Temporary Gentleman."

P. S. Next day's report, as served up to you and the public in the newspapers at home, would, of course, and rightly enough no doubt, include our sector in the "remainder of the Front," which was "quiet." Or we might be included in a two-line phrase about "minor activities," or

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" patrols were active on various points of the line "— as they certainly are, all the time.

Letter XVIII

The parcels from W——'s arrived all safe and sound, thanks to your careful arrangements, and we are in consequence living in the lap of luxury. The tinned fruit is specially appreciated, and very good for us, I have no doubt. By the way, you will be glad to know that the boiler-maker's suit in one piece of waterproofed canvas is a huge success. I wore it on that last bombing raid. For patrol work, or wiring, for anything over the parapet, and in the trench, too, at night time, for instance, I don't think there's anything to beat it. There's nothing to catch or get in one's way, and it's a great joy to keep one's ordinary clothes clean and decent. On patrol it's better than oilskin, because it is silent—doesn't rustle.

I dare say you've heard that phrase—I forget who's it is—about the backbone of the army being the non-commissioned man. I suspect it was all right when it was written, and goodness knows there's not much the matter with the non-commissioned man today. Only, there isn't the difference that there was between the N. C. O. and the " other ranks "—the men. The N. C. O. isn't the separate type he was, because the N. C. O. of today is so often the man of yesterday; promotion having necessarily been rapid in the New Army. We had to make our own N. C. O.'s from the start. They're all backbone, now, men and N. C. O.'s alike. And the officers are quite all right, thank you, too. I doubt if officers in any army have ever worked harder than the officers of our New Army—the Temporary Gentlemen, you know—are working today. They have *had* to work hard. Couldn't leave it to N. C. O.'s, because, apart from anything else, they've had to make the N. C. O.'s out of privates; teach 'em their job. So we're all backbone together, nowadays.

And when you hear some fellow saying: " The men are splendid," you need not think he's just paying a conven-

tional tribute or echoing a stereotyped kind of praise. It's true; true as death, as Harry Lauder used to sing; it's as true as anything I know. It's gospel truth. The men are absolutely and all the time splendid.

You know I'm not an emotional sort of a chap, and I'm sure before the War I never gave a thought to such things; but, really, there is something incurably and ineradicably fine about the rough average Englishman, who has no surface graces at all. You know the kind I mean. The decency of him is something in his grain.

You read about calling for volunteers. With our lot it is hopeless to call for volunteers for a dangerous job. The only thing to do would be to call for volunteers to stay behind. The other thing is simply a way of calling out the whole Company; and if it happens to be just half a dozen you want, that's awkward.

Then there's the matter of grousing; growling among themselves about this and that. You would be deceived about this until you got to know them a bit. It's a queer thing, and not easy to explain; but grousing is one of the passions of their lives; or, perhaps it would be truer to say a favorite form of recreation. But, mark you this, only when everything is going smooothly, and there is nothing real to grumble about. It would seem to be absolutely forbidden to growl when there's anything to growl about; a sort of unwritten law which, since we've been out here, anyhow, is never transgressed.

It's rather fine, this, and very English. So long as there is a little intermittent grousing going on, you can be quite sure of two things: there's nothing wrong, and the men are in good spirits and content. If there is no grousing, it means one of two things: either the men are angered about something, in which case they will be unusually silent; or we are up against real difficulties, and hardship involving real suffering, in which case there will be a lot of chaffing and joke-cracking, and apparent merriment.

Queer, isn't it? But I think it's a true description. If a long day of hard labor—clearing out a trench and building

up a parapet, we'll say—is on, and a man is absolutely undone and washed out, and, just as it is finished, a succession of Boche oil cans, mortars and general bombardment comes, which also lays out a few good men, and blows the next meal rations sky-high, so that there's the prospect of a long night's extra hard work where some rest had been expected, and all on an empty stomach—then you'll hear no grousing at all, but any number of jocular remarks:

"I tell you, the Army of today is all right!" "We don't get much pay, but my word, we *do* see life!" "Save me a lot o' trouble, this will! My fightin' weight was goin' up a lot too fast, but this'll save me givin' up my port wine an' turtle soup!" Then some wag pretends to consult his newspaper, and, looking up, announces that: "On the remainder of the Front the night was comparatively quiet." "Yes," says another, quoting further from the imaginary news, "and the banquet which had been arranged for 'A' Company was pos'poned till the following day." "When it is hoped," adds yet another joker, "that a number of prominent Boche prisoners will attend." Elaborate winks and nods; and one man positively licks his lip as he mutters: "Gosh! If only they really *would* come over the sticks tonight; if only they would!" "Reg'ler bloomin' pacifist, isn't he," remarks a student of the Press. "Longin' to welcome the gentle Hun with open arms, he is—not arf!" "We'll welcome him, all right, if only the beggar 'ld come. I'd like to use a section or two of 'em for buildin' up this bloomin' parapet. Be stiffer than these sandbags full o' slush." "Shame! An' you a yewmanitarian, too! Why how'd our poor chaps ever be able to stand the smell of all them potted Huns, an' so close, too! You're too harsh, mate; reg'ler Prussian, I call you!"

So it goes on. It's a bitter cold night. They are up nearly to their thighs in half-frozen slush. Their day's work has been entirely undone in half an hour, and has to be done over again without any interval for rest; and the supper ration's gone West. You can hardly imagine just what the loss of a meal means, with a night like that ahead of you,

and occasional shells still dropping round the bit you must repair. They look awful ruffians, these chaps; four days' stubble on their chins, and all kinds of ribaldry on their lips. They love their ease and creature comforts at least as much as any conscientious shirker could; and God knows they are here as far removed from ease and creature comfort as men well could be—entirely of their own free will. And they will carry on all night, cracking their simple jokes and chaffing one another, and jostling each other to get to the front if one or two are required for anything extra dangerous. And the spirit that dictates their little jokes, isn't it as fine as any shown in bygone days by the aristocrats of France and England? If you told these fellows they were aristocrats, imagine how they'd take it! "'Ere, 'op it! Not so much of it! Wotcher givin' us?"

For sheer hardness and discomfort, there's nothing in the life of the poorest worker in England to compare with it. They are never out of instant danger. And the level of their spirits is far higher than you'd find it in any model factory or workshop at home. Death himself, they meet with little jokes. I mean that literally. And the daily round of their lives is simply full of splendid acts of self-sacrifice, generosity, and unstudied, unnoted heroism, such as famous reputations are based upon in civil life, in peace time. I feel I can't make it plain, as it deserves to be. I wish I could. But you must just accept it, because I say it, and love 'em all—the French as well as ours—because they've made themselves loved by your "Temporary Gentleman."

Letter XIX

Rather to the general surprise, we have been moved into a new sector of the line, immediately south of what we called "our own." We have not been told why, of course—the Olympians do not deal in whys and wherefores—but, according to gossip, we can take our choice between the wish to make us all familiar with the general lie of the land round here, to be the better prepared for a push; and the undoubted fact that a new Division is being moved into

the line, and that our move southward facilitates this. Perhaps the real reason of the move is a mixture of both these; but, whether or no, the move itself provides striking evidence of the marked differences which exist between various parts of the line, and the extremely narrow and circumscribed nature of the knowledge one gets of the Front, while serving in trenches.

Our " B " Company is holding just now the sub-section which actually adjoins the right of the sector we used to hold. We are on the right of " B," and " C " is on our right, with " D " back in the support line. Even " B's " bit, though it does adjoin our old beat, differs greatly from that; and our present short line is hemispheres away from the sector we knew before. There is not very much of it—about half the length of the line we last held—but what there is, is hot and strong, I can tell you. The way in which " B " Company's bit differs is chiefly that it is in sandy soil, instead of all clay, and so is much dryer and cleaner, more habitable in every way, than anything we are accustomed to. But our bit, variously known as Petticoat Lane (why, I can't imagine) Cut-Throat Alley (obvious enough) and The Gut—well, our bit is, as the Peacemaker said directly he saw it: " Very interesting." I think that is about the kindest thing you can say of it; and interesting it certainly is.

To begin with, the greatest distance between any one spot in it and the Boche front line is sixty or seventy yards; and there is a place at which it's only half that. But the salient point in the whole sector is this: the half of our line that is sixty or seventy yards from the Boche line has between it and the Boche line a string of craters, the far lips of which are not more than fifteen to twenty paces from Fritz's sentries. These craters are sometimes occupied by the Boche and sometimes by us; but nobody attempts to hold them by day; they don't give shelter enough for that; and the betting as to who is to hold them on any given night is about even.

You might almost say: " But why should anybody want to hold the beastly things? "

The C. O. tells the Peacemaker he is so arranging things that no Company will get more than four days on end in Petticoat Lane, and then the other three days of the turn in trenches, in the support line, where Battalion Headquarters are. "A" Company, of course, takes glory to itself for having been the first to be sent in here, and I think this fully compensates them for the fact that nobody has had any rest worth speaking about since we got in. We shall probably do better in that respect when we have time to get used to the change. In fact, I can see a difference already in the men's attitude. But, mind you, the change is radical, from two hundred yards' interval between yourself and Fritz, down to fifty yards. It affects every moment of your life, and every mortal thing you do. More, it actually affects what you say. You don't make any telephonic arrangements about patrol and that sort of thing, here. We are learning German at a great rate. But it was very startling to our fellows the first night, when they found they could hear voices in the enemy line. It seemed to bring Fritz and his ingenious engines very close indeed.

But already the men have begun to crack their little jokes about it, and pretend to be very careful about settling down a canteen of tea or a bit of bread, lest one of "them bloomin' sauerkrauters lean over and pick it up, before you can turn round—hungry blighters!" I confess I'm conscious that the nearness represents a great deal of added nerve strain; but, thank goodness, the men don't seem to feel it a bit. They're just as jolly as ever.

Imagine! The first thing I laid my hand on when I got into a crater on our first night, after we'd bombed Fritz out of it, was the face of a wounded Boche; and he bit my little finger to the bone, so that I had to have it washed and dressed by the M. O., for fear of poisoning. It may have been brutal of me, and I suppose I shouldn't have done it by daylight, but I brought the butt of my rifle down on that German's face in a way that put the poor devil out of pain; and he'll do no more biting; but I mention it as an instance

of the savage primitiveness of this life at close quarters with the Boche.

There is simply no end to his dodgy tricks here. Three or four of 'em will cry out for help, from a crater, in English; and pretend to be our own men, wounded and unable to move, or Boches anxious to give themselves up. Then, if any one is soft enough to go over the parapet to lend a hand, they open a hot fire; or wait till we get very near, and then bomb. We had verbal warnings in plenty, of course, from the Company we relieved here. But it is experience that teaches; and, whilst they may not be brilliant tricksters —they're not—our fellows will at all events never allow the same trick to be worked off twice on us.

By his fondness for all such petty tricks as these, and, of course, they have dozens of dirtier ones than this, the Boche has rather shut the door on chivalry. Given half a chance, the natural inclination of our men is to wage war as they would play cricket—like sportsmen. You've only to indicate to them that this or that is a rule of the game—of any game—and they're on it at once. And, if you indicated nothing, of their own choice they'd always play roughly fair, and avoid the dirty trick by instinct. But the Boche washes all that out. Generosity and decency strike him as simply foolishness. And you cannot possibly treat him as a sportsman, because he'll do you down at every turn if you do; and here in Petticoat Lane, being done down doesn't just mean losing your money. As a rule you haven't any of that to lose. It means going West for keeps—*killed*. It is that sort of thing that has made Petticoat Lane life savage and primitive; and the fact that it is so close as to be pressing on you all the time; that is what gives the additional nerve strain.

It is, of course, a great place for little raids. The trenches are so close that you're no sooner out of your own than you're on top of theirs. And I take it as evidence of the moral superiority being on this side of the line, that we see very much more of their trenches than they ever see of ours. It is a great deal more difficult to repair trenches

here than it was when we were a couple of hundred yards away from the Enemy, because of the frequency of the oil cans and bombs. The consequence is that, from the point of view of the cover they give, both our trenches and the Boches' are much inferior to those we had before. But, curiously enough, we have some very decent dug-outs here; deep and well protected.

In fact, take it all round, we are not so badly off. And interesting the place most certainly is. (The Peacemaker generally means " dangerous " when he says " interesting.") There is something doing in the strafing line pretty nearly all the time; and strafing is, of course, a deal more interesting than navvying, pumping, and mud-shoveling. The chances for shows of one sort and another are more numerous here than where we were before. We have tried one or two already; and when we get back into the support line you shall have full particulars, from your somewhat tired but quite jolly " Temporary Gentleman."

Letter XX

We were relieved in Petticoat Lane by " D " Company last night, and took the place they had held in the support line; " a corner of Heaven itself," of course, after The Gut. And I have had a most luxurious and delightful day today, out of trenches altogether.

Our O. C., the Peacemaker—you do remember, don't you, that the Officer Commanding the Battalion is the C. O., and the Officer Commanding the Company, the O. C.?—is an awfully good chap. He didn't say anything about it, but I feel sure he put me on my job of today—chose me for it—because he thought it would be good for me. He was ordered to send an officer to arrange about billets for the Company in —— ready for when we go out. Taffy's been a bit under the weather in Petticoat Lane, and is able to get a rest here in support. This meant rather more sticking to it for me in the front line, and, as a matter of fact, I didn't get an hour's sleep while we were there. We had little strafes going most of the time, and I was rather cheap when we

came out last night; bit shaky, you know; that's all. Two Boche mines were exploded in The Gut while we were there; both with extraordinarily little loss to us. But I was lifted out of the trench by one of 'em; and I suppose these things do indirectly affect one a bit, somehow, even when there is nothing to show for it; at all events, when they are combined with shortage of sleep.

Anyhow, I'm as right as ninepence tonight, and had a fine sleep after midnight yesterday. And today, with the Peacemaker's horse for company, I've been playing the country gentleman at large, fixing up billets for the Company; and I have done pretty well for 'em, too. It was something of a race between Grierson of "D" and myself for the best officers' mess and sleeping quarters in ——, but Grierson hadn't much chance, really. He hasn't even my smattering of French, and his O. C. had not lent him a horse.

The good-wife at the place I've got for ourselves is a torrential talker, and in rounding up the boys and girls working on her farm, she shows a bit of a temper; but I'm certain she's a jolly capable manager, and she has promised to cook for us, which will mean a fine change from the batman's efforts in that line. Also, the billets themselves are good, those for the men being the best I've seen anywhere; dry as a chip, and thoroughly sheltered from the wind. We shall be in clover for our week out, especially as I think —— is a bit too far back to admit of our being on trench fatigues at all while out.

I did enjoy the pottering about on my own, and the nearest firing being three or four miles away all the time made everything seem extraordinarily peaceful, after the roaring racket and straining watchfulness of Cut-Throat Alley; where one's eyes sort of ache from trying to look all ways at once, and one's ears and head generally get dead from the effort of recording the precise meaning of each outstanding roar in the continuous din. Also, I met two or three quite interesting people, including the Town Major in ——.

I had some grub about one o'clock in a big estaminet; almost a restaurant, and it was most interesting, after the trenches, to listen to the gossip, and eat without feeling you had to watch out for anything. There are a number of French residents left in this place, and that makes it quite different from the village we were last in, just behind the line, where the inhabitants have practically all left, and the place is purely a camp, and partly in ruins at that. This place has a natural human sort of life of its own. And there are women in it, and a priest or two, and cows and sheep, and a town crier, and that sort of thing—something fascinatingly human about it all; though it is within four miles of the firing line.

The Café was simply full of rumors and gossip. Military gossip is, of course, taboo, with strangers and civilians; and rightly, since one cannot be sure who is who and who is not a spy. But I suppose there's no harm in it among people who can recognize each other's uniforms and badges. Anyhow, I heard quite a lot today; which may or may not have anything in it.

The things that interested me most, of course, were things about our own bit of front; and there were two definite reports about this. First, I heard that we are to throw out a new front-line trench to bridge the re-entrant south of Petticoat Lane. And then I heard we are to make a push to collar the Boche front line on the bend opposite us, because a few hundred yards of line there would mean quite a lot to us, in the straightening of our front generally, and in washing out what is undoubtedly a strong corner for the Boche now, because it gives him some fine enfilading positions. If this were brought off, it would wash out The Gut altogether, as firing line; and that in itself would be a godsend. Also, it would mean a real push, which is naturally what we all want. We think the fact of that extra Division having been fitted into our line rather indorses the report, and are all feeling rather bucked in consequence. The whole Battalion, and, for that matter, the whole Division, is just spoiling for the chance of a push, and I doubt if we've a

man who wouldn't volunteer for the front line of the push at this moment, and jolly glad of the chance.

I said in my last letter that I'd tell you about our little strafing stunts while we were in Petticoat Lane. But, really, this new prospect of a push, and the report about the new front line trench to be cut, makes them seem pretty small beer, and quite a long way off now, anyhow. You remember I told you there was a startling difference between the left of our present sector and the right of the one we were in before. It wasn't only the difference between clay and sand. It was that, whereas the right of the old sector was hundreds of yards away from the Boche—as much as six and seven hundred in parts—the left of the present sector runs down to sixty or seventy yards, where it joins Petticoat Lane.

That means a big re-entrant in the line, of course, and a part where our front runs almost at right angles to Fritz's, instead of parallel with it. The new trench would be to bridge the mouth of that re-entrant, and equalize the distance between our line and the Boche's right along. Apart from anything else, it would make any subsequent push much easier. It is a low-lying, wet, exposed bit, that re-entrant; but that wouldn't matter, if we were just going to use it as a jumping-off place, which is what we hope.

However, as there is no official news, one must not think too much about it.

It seems there has been some sickness at our Brigade Headquarters, which is a chateau marked large on the map, though out of sight from the Boche line. The sickness among the orderlies was attributed to something queer about the drains, and I suppose the thing was reported on. Anyhow, as the story I heard today goes, a tremendous swell arrived in a car to have a look at the place; an Olympian of the first water. No doubt I should be executed by means of something with boiling oil in it, if I mentioned his name. As he stepped from his car outside the chateau, two shells landed, one on the lawn, and one in the shrubbery. The Olympian sniffed at Fritz's insolence. Before he got into the

doorway another shell landed very near his car, and spattered it with mud from bonnet to differential. The august one is reported to have greeted the Brigadier by saying rather angrily: "This is obviously a most unhealthy spot, Sir; most unhealthy. Ought never to have been chosen!"

Rather nice, wasn't it? Those little shows of ours in Cut-Throat Alley were practically all bombing; but we did rather well in the matter of prisoners taken in the craters, and of Boches otherwise accounted for. Our own casualties for the four days were two killed—both in my Platoon, and both men with wives at home, I grieve to say; thundering good chaps—and six wounded, two only slightly. We reckon twenty or thirty Boches wounded, and at least ten killed; and there is no sort of reckoning needed about the eleven prisoners we certainly did take in the craters, and sent blindfolded down to Headquarters. I believe this beats the record of the Company we relieved, which, of course, knew the place better; and our C. O. is pleased with us. I have to go now, and tell off a small carrying party. Though feeling a bit shaky yesterday, I'm as right as right can be again now,—so mind, you have no earthly reason to worry about your "Temporary Gentleman."

P. S. The Peacemaker has just got word from Battalion Headquarters itself that it is perfectly correct about the new front line trench to be cut; and it is believed "A" Company is to have something to do with it. So that is real news; and we feel sure it means a push to come.

DEPARTURE

H. Thompson Rich

THE air was cool with autumn, and the moon,
Far in her last phase, glimmered wanly;
The odors of a dying bed of rose
Came drifting from the garden; and beyond,
As from a plain some mighty distance off,
The west wind murmured in the yellow wheat.
You laughed a little wildly, bent and kissed me,
And as the teardrops gathered, whispered softly:
"This is the happiest moment I have known,
You are so near to me! And yet, and yet
I think it is the saddest moment too,
Tomorrow you will be so far away!"
"I will come joying back with June!" I promised;
But at the words you only shook your head.
"Ah, no!" you cried. "No, you will not come back!
Summer will come again, as it has gone;
But not the rose that scatters on the wind,—
And not the wind, that knew the rose's soul!"

MUST CHRIST AGAIN BE CRUCIFIED?

A. Maurice Low

DAY after day men suffer and die. Snatched from home and family, they offer their lives in defense of home and country, made strong to endure by the spirit of patriotism. Millions have given their bodies to the bullet, suffered without complaint, and died without regret. To the belligerent nations, the War has taught self-denial, resignation, the supreme virtue of sacrifice. *Did the world need the lesson? Is it paying for knowledge a price greater than the experience is worth, or is it not worth any price for man to be able to look into his soul and on himself sit in judgment?*

At no time has the responsibility of wealth been taken so seriously as in the United States during the last decade. The rich have felt their obligations to those less favored, to the poor, to the suffering; the possession of wealth has imposed a duty which has been met gladly. The millions given in charity and spent in beneficent works, that have been devoted to the foundation and support of schools, colleges and institutions are, in the aggregate, stupendous; greater, it has been estimated, than all the riches of all the world when Rome was in the height of her glory and Christ drove the money changers from the Temple. Yet, curiously enough, *never has there been a time in the history of the world when there has been so much discontent, when great wealth has been so fiercely attacked, when those with little money or no money have felt so little gratitude to those who have given out of their abundance.*

I apply myself to discover the meaning of this paradox. The facts cannot be gainsaid. On the one side, we have this never ending golden stream which excites envy but does not quicken emotion; which covers the land and ought to bring its harvest in contentment, thankfulness, admiration; that

should choke down the weeds of envy and hate; that should make the poor, for whom there is biblical authority they must always be with us, and those only very little removed from poverty, believe this is the golden age. Never has so much been done for them. Never has man taken such a profound interest in his fellow man. Never were his body as well as his brain and his soul objects of such solicitude. Never was sympathy so quickly touched and the response so generous. Everywhere we see the results of this unselfish devotion. We see great institutions of learning that owe their existence to one man so that poverty shall be no bar to education. Not even the smallest city is without its storehouse for books so that culture may be widespread. We see men, supported by private endowment, laboring zealously to find the causes of disease so that sickness may be prevented and death held at arm's length; other men are trying to find the seed of poverty and misery so that the cure may be applied. And the material wants having been supplied, we see stately edifices rearing their noble proportions, their stones laid in the gold of the rich, so that man may find the spiritual comfort he craves.

Nor does this exhaust the catalogue, as we all know. In every community there are earnest men and women who give freely their services and money to good deeds. Men and women of affairs, prominent in their business or profession, to whom time is important and demands great, serve unselfishly on boards and committees of eleemosynary and other institutions, bringing to their care and management the same conscientious labor they give to clients and the interests confided to them, and for which they are paid large fees. Women especially are unwearying in their charitable work, supervising when supervision is necessary, raising money when money is needed, giving encouragement when the touch of human sympathy is the inspiration to the faint-hearted. And let there be a great calamity, an earthquake, a flood, a fire—and the response is instantaneous and amazing.

It is one of the peculiarities of modern social conditions, this impulse to share in the work of betterment. It is re-

garded as a pious duty, an obligation that cannot be escaped. In the same spirit the knight put on armor to rid the Holy Sepulchre of the infidel. It is living up to the motto of one's order, *noblesse oblige*. Members of the "upper class," whether they are ennobled by birth or money, cannot shirk their duties. Men are not satisfied to do good by deputy any more than women consider they can render their service to society vicariously. Rich men who live a life of ease and enjoyment are moved by a sense of responsibility to superintend the affairs of jails, insane asylums and poorhouses; and surely no man would voluntarily bring himself in contact with those sordid and depressing surroundings unless animated by a stern concept of duty. It is the same with women, whose lives the world believes are largely given over to pleasure. It is true they dance and dine and give much time to their clothes, but that is only one side, and because it is the spectacular it is the phase that has the public for an audience. But *the great majority of the so-called "fashionable" women are not the drones they appear, nor is enjoyment their sole code. In every community they are the leaders in works of grace and mercy.*

These being the facts, and their truth, I think, no one can deny,—*where can we find the explanation for the class hatred, the unrest, the bitterness, the feeling of injustice so generally prevailing?* Perhaps in America in a more extreme form than in any European country; and that this social and spiritual discontent exists, I also believe, no person who sees life other than superficially can challenge. It is the reason men of untutored minds talk glibly of "Socialism" and believe that "Socialism," without knowing what it means, is to bring them the justice they are convinced has been denied them. It is for the same reason that rich men, who are conscious of their rectitude and charity, use the term Socialist in such derision, although equally ignorant what it means; and to whom a "Radical" is held in contempt as denoting a half-witted creature who is honest according to his own lights but "impractical"; or a knave who is intensely practical when his own interests are concerned. It is the

reason that makes the demagogue always sure of a following. It is the reason that makes charlatanism profitable. It is the reason the loud-tongued orator with a panacea can always obtain an audience, and loses it the moment a rival orator with a voice twice as loud and a panacea twice as delusive sets up his tent.

In a word, *modern civilization has crushed out the belief in sincerity, that intense and deep conviction which was the faith to move mountains, the practice of personal sacrifice,* which is not only the foundation on which every religion is built but without which character cannot exist. The history of the world, the story of the development of man, is written in that one word sacrifice. The prophets, the martyrs, the hierophants, the reformers, every man in the past who brought to his fellow man the word of hope or encouragement, who lifted up the fallen or exalted the righteous, who put strength into the weak or gave courage to the meek, who led the revolt against tyranny or preached the gospel of self-denial and love, went forth expecting to be offered up as a sacrifice and willingly courting it. It is the dominant theme in all literature, classical, sacred and profane. Sacrifice—it is the corner-stone of humanity.

Society no longer crucifies its reformers nor burns its philosophers, and it has become the poorer in consequence. Society in becoming more tolerant and more humane has paid for it in a weakening of character. The man who preached at the risk of his life, he who opened the eyes of the ignorant to the laws of nature with the stake as his reward, the martyrs whose blood watered the seed of the church—these were men of extraordinary courage, of superb heroism; harsh, unyielding, unloving, perhaps, but firm in their faith; unswerving in their convictions, resolute; asking no recompense except that which they earned from their conscience. It was their blood, shed drop by drop, that kept the church alive; it was their example that recruited the ranks of the disciples. There was no vicarious sacrifice; the burden could not be shifted. *It was the agony they endured, the physical torture and pain, the sweat that ran from racked*

limbs and scorched bodies, the sacrifice, always the sacrifice counted without cost, that inspired the faint-hearted and left memories imperishable.

Our present day reformer no longer taking any risks has ceased to be heroic. There is nothing sublime about theatricalism unattended by danger, and the reformer no more risks danger when he becomes a crusader than the rich man risks poverty when he gives of his surplus. The public knows this and is left cold. The belief exists that to the public is being doled out a minor fraction of what has been wrung from it; that it is getting back only a tithe of its own. It is a belief for which there is no warrant, but it exists; its existence cannot be denied, and it is the cause of the present discontent. The highwayman who strips his victim of his valuables and in a spirit of sardonic pleasantry tosses him a copper so that he shall not go bare, evokes no feeling of gratitude.

Not long ago I read of a certain rich man who has given away so many millions that "he has only $20,000,000 left." It was said in good faith and not with satiric intent. It was told how he had disposed of his hundreds of millions to worthy purposes and now in his old age he could face death serenely because he was absolved from the crime of dying rich, having only a score of millions to leave to his family. The recital did not move me. My emotions respond more readily when I read the story of St. Francis of Assisi, of the rich man's son who turned his back on pleasure and forsook luxury to go out into the wilderness, to know poverty and hunger, to companion suffering, to minister to the afflicted, to offer his body and spirit as a sacrifice. It is a fine thing that a man is possessed of a nature so generous that he can strip himself of his millions unto the hundreds, and yet his beneficence does not leave him only with rags to cover his nakedness, rather he sits clothed in fine raiment. If it be a crime to die rich—and is it?—may it not be even a greater crime to live rich? Is charity really charity that entails no sacrifice? Is charity without sacrifice compatible? A man may be the almoner of thousands or of millions and it

may mean nothing to him, it may affect his own character as little as it may set an example to the world. *To give out of abundance, to give and not to feel it even to the extent of having to forego the most trifling luxury, means nothing; to give at the cost of self-denial—that is the true magnificence of charity. The King's high almoner who sits in the palace and disburses the gold from his master's coffers, no church canonizes, but a certain poor widow who cast into the treasury two mites lives forever; for the rich did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.*

I hold no brief for poverty. I have no belief in the iniquity of riches. I accept the social system as it is, but I am impressed, as I think other thoughtful men are, by this curious twentieth century phenomenon that I have been discussing: the cynical attitude of the mass toward those who, according to their lights, are striving to serve the mass.

Never in the history of the world, I think, *was the world so poor in great men as it is today. Never did the world so passionately hunger for a great man—a great leader, great enough to lead in a great cause.* It is an age in the world's development when there are many men of extraordinary ability, men who perhaps in other times would have been accounted of rare talent, but the times demand more than that. What is demanded today is the Superman, the man who is so pre-eminently superior to his contemporaries that he towers over them as Everest dominates the surrounding peaks and fears no rival. *Ability is of little purpose, for ability is very common;* talent serves merely its own end, and of talent the world is full; genius strikes no responsive chord, for the universality of education has made us all critics and destroyed the power of judgment; *we detect the false metre but the soul of the singer escapes us.*

The Superman need not necessarily be cunning in words or tricks of speech, no more deft with hands or brain than other men, but he must be willing to make a sacrifice if sacrifice is required, to prove his sincerity by the faith that is in

him, not alone to have faith but to have works, " for faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

" Everyone loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards," was the denunciation of the prophet, and equally true is it today. *To what purpose shall men exhort when their hearers know that their words are not winged but coined, that they have their market value in money or power?* Whether one thinks of Christ as the Son of God or son of human father and mother and the greatest of all reformers,—can one, with all due reverence, think of Christ charging an admission fee to those who would listen to his preaching, who preached so that He might be elevated above the multitude? But today the would-be great, the aspiring leaders, always talking about their sacrifices and their devotion to the cause, sacrifice nothing but add immensely to their gains. That is why the public is cynical; that is why the emotions of the people are not deeply stirred. They see the unknown reformer living off husks; and *as he gains ascendancy they watch him convert his zeal, his piety, his devotion, his courage into the handiwork of the fashionable tailor and a high-power limousine;* they know that the poor man who has been given leadership does not have to pay in greater poverty for the honor; they know how quickly profits can be realized. In the past men swayed their fellow men and molded the thought of the world, but it brought them no recompense in gold or servants to tend them. *Then a man was willing to die for his fellow man; today he lives off him.* The venerable Latimer, when by God's grace he lighted a candle that should never be extinguished, was of the type of martyr willing to lay down his life for the glory of mankind; *our modern martyrs, when they light their farthing rushlights that so quickly flicker out, take good care the fire shall not singe them. Not only do they pass through the flames unscathed, but they incorporate the performance, sell the moving-picture rights and make an auto da fe yield them dividends.*

Foolish as the masses are, their ignorance easily played upon, slow to read character and to distinguish between honesty and insincerity, always seeking for the unattainable and

eager to follow the false prophet, whether it be a Cagliostro or a John Law, for to their simple intelligence magic is no more impossible than than that sunbeams can be extracted from cucumbers; yet Lincoln's wisdom is unimpeachable. Some of the people may be fooled some of the time, some of them may even be fooled all the time—which is the reason the gold-brick industry, commercially, socially and politically, is so prosperous—but not all the people can be fooled all the time. And the saving remnant is at last beginning to understand what so long has remained obscure. It recalls the tales of its childhood, the stories of men and women who practiced self-denial; who gave up all, asking nothing; who endured privation and suffering; who counted the most precious of all their possessions—life itself—as dross weighed against duty; who gave no thought to the morrow, for the obligations of the day were all sufficient.

Compare that with our modern and over-refined civilization, and is it to be wondered that the world listens but spiritually remains unquickened? For that is one of the most striking phenomena of our time. The diffusion of knowledge, the general increase of intelligence, the means of disseminating information, the printing press, steam and electricity, have given to the preacher and the teacher not a handful of disciples to ponder words and slowly spread them but the whole world as audience. But no spark is struck. The distinguished and the celebrated, the notorious even, draw their hundreds and their thousands, but we go to hear them as a show, not as the Romans in the time of Nero went to the arena, and as they watched the sand crimson knew that for their faith men had died, that the sacrifice had again been made and the seed planted anew. Peter the Hermit might preach and millions would read him next morning at their breakfast tables, but how many would enter the camp of the *paupers?* General Coxey led his ragged host to Washington—and paid them; Henry Ford, wiser than the ancients, secures the golden fleece before his argosy departs.

It may be argued that the universal spread of education has made man more intelligent, and in developing his intel-

ligence it has restrained his emotions; he reasons now, whereas formerly he acted on impulse; then they not only reverenced the hermit Peter but they worshiped the ass on which he rode. But I am not so sure man has gained through the control of his emotions by the pure light of his intellect—if it is true, which is to be gravely doubted. In subordinating his emotions to intellect, man has become a creature of calculation; he has gained in cunning at the cost of his simplicity. Deep-seated emotion is more rare now than it was, for it was the passionate stirring to the depths that made martyrs and caused martyrdom to be endured; but the superficial emotions, those transient gusts that ripple over the surface of humanity, are born with each passing breath and leave nothing to mark their flight. It is true the crowd no longer worships the ass on which Peter sits—it is too sophisticated for that, too arrogant in its intelligence to do honor to such a contemptuous thing; what it does is to mock the patient beast and glorify the mountebank who rides; *and between an honest ass and a dishonest man may not the animal be more worthy of respect?*

Fervor has gone. Zeal no longer exists. Faith has been destroyed. Devotion has given place to indifference just as tolerance has succeeded intolerance, and with our catholicity of opinion has come a carelessness that makes us take life lightly because we shrink from tragedy. That marks the difference between the past and the present. Then the tragic was ever uppermost and men lived in its shadow; now we laugh because we fear death and are too cowardly to welcome it. We have bartered the real meaning of life, the one thing that makes life worth its pain, for its pleasures.

It was the force of example that, in the past, sustained the world, that saved it from itself, that gave men strength to carry on the struggle. It made character. It is an example, a terrific example, that the world today needs. It wants a man, or a woman—and those women who are crying for equality may see their opportunity—willing to do what men and women did when civilization was young and human nature, in its primitive passion, accepted the doctrine of

personal service and sacrifice, which made every man or woman no less a leader than a follower in a great cause; sacrifice, that was no less the penalty than it was the crown of service. *The world craves a messiah, but messiahship can be gained only by service with sacrifice always to be courted,* no messianic leadership can be purchased or gained without devotion in its truest sense. So long as fame means money, wealth, power, position, the easy things of life,—so long will leadership be merely transient, the world will be unconvinced, it will still wait with longing and despair for its messiah.

Has not Christ again been crucified in every village of France and Flanders? Are not the shattered spires, the ruins, the newly made graves,—are not these things the stones over which He has again borne the Cross? They scourged Him and gave Him vinegar to assuage his thirst, but He invoked forgiveness and not revenge. That tragedy at the place of the skulls was the beginning and not the end. It taught mankind the meaning of sacrifice, that the greatest thing a man can do with his life is to give it for another. Selfishness and luxury made the teaching almost forgotten; almost but not quite has the fire been quenched, for now the millions have carried their cross to Golgotha, in their agony they have been lifted up, and the spirit has descended upon them. May it not be the slaughter is not in vain, the suffering is not wanton? May not all that seems so purposeless have a meaning, and the world watching by the tomb, as the woman did waiting, see the promise of the future when it will be saved because the lesson of sacrifice has again been learned?

HUMANITY—THE INTENTION OF THE UNIVERSE

W. W. Bredin

"The human body including the brain and nervous system, an instrument of action only, a sort of telephonic exchange, bearing the same relation to spirit as the wire does to the transmitted message."—Bergson.

WE are still pondering and groping for additional light and further revelations concerning that ever fascinating and divinely mysterious problem, human intelligence, with its smiles and tears, its loves and sympathies; the blossom and fruit of that profound secret which has made its way up from the very beginning through the grand stairway of matter, trembling and quivering, as it were, with the joy of its possibilities in every atom of the roots and trunk, branches and leaves of the Universe, whispering on its journey through sunlight and darkness, summer and winter, mountain and valley, rivulet and torrent, forest and flower, plant and mineral, the promise of humanity. I do not hesitate to utter the conviction that every trembling atom of the Universe has for its object the production of human thought. The electrical current of an all-permeating intelligence streams through the nebular masses, condenses them into solid spherical purposes; methods of expression, which, when rightly translated, the daybreak will appear—and the highest summits of human thought will be brightened by the beams from another sun where mankind was already planned.

There is no more bewildering problem to the human mind than its own living, conscious, active self. The questions, "when did we begin? when shall we end? what rational interpretation can we put on our present mysterious surroundings?" are still unanswered, but the boundary line of our intellectual horizon is gradually widening. Let us continue to seek. One by one the explanations are coming in. Like the new-born infant, armed with its rudimental functions of touch, taste and smell, eyesight and hearing, we

have much to learn, many conclusions to arrive at; we have still a long and rugged journey before us, full of suffering, bitter struggles, false conclusions, and sad mistakes, before we shall have arrived at that summit from which we can look calmly down and comprehend fully the lessons of infinite love and wisdom, the enchanting beauty, which, with a clearer vision, shall stream forth in all their brilliancy from every round in the ascending scale of creation—from the nebular mass, onward and upward, through mineral, vegetable and animal—to the sublime product of human consciousness, which has emerged, laughing and singing, thinking and acting, loving and marrying, into a universe of thought with infinite possibilities of expansion, wrapt in human garments which represent the ever-bewitching, the ever-entrancing individualized epitome of every stage of growth through which they have come.

It is true, perhaps, that the mystery of ourselves we can never fully understand, but there are certain self-evident propositions which we can all readily grasp. One is, that intelligence cannot exist without the conditions to create it. These conditions, from their very nature, demand from us an investigation. The product of that investigation is INTELLIGENCE. The great principle that governs the law of gravitation, molecular attraction, chemical affinity; the phenomena of heat, light, and motion, have crystallized into conditions. These conditions are around and about us; we breathe them; we eat them; we are born in them; we are continually handling and stepping on them; our very existence is inseparably connected with them; they constitute the planet on which we live, a great spherical purpose as it were,—*they constitute the Universe.*

They are profoundly interesting, but ever perplexing because their meaning is occult; they are a symbolic language expressed in matter. The great function of matter, therefore, is to reveal the intentions of its own cause, and our only hope of ever being able to comprehend the underlying intention lies in our earnest effort fully to comprehend the lessons taught in the infinite revelations of matter.

Given then the conditions of matter, in which is contained the promise of a coming intelligence, what is the next revelation we are to look for? The fulfillment of the promise; an individualized life to appreciate and enjoy. An ear to hear, an eye to behold, a sense to catch the perfumes, and a taste to enjoy the viands, as well as a touch to complete the course of instruction. The beauty of earth's great panorama of clouds and sunshine, mountains and valleys, must have an admirer before the secret cause of its presence shall be content. A thirst, too, must be quenched by the cool waters of the bubbling fountain before their sweet intentions can meet their reward. The delicious perfumes of the flowers of the valley must be inhaled before they are satisfied. The lips of lovers, too, must touch, before matter has reached its final destiny; those sweet strains of music must fall upon a human ear before they find an answer; and all those enchanting revelations must cluster themselves into a human heart, a human form, and a human understanding, before the story of their love is complete.

It is enough. The problem is solved, and the secret is out. The promise has been fulfilled. HUMANITY is here, and it can see, touch, taste and feel it all. The banquet has been prepared and the guests have arrived. They were contemplated from the beginning, and they have come up through a beautiful labyrinth of veiled intentions in which they were prophesied in every step throughout the whole journey. They are the eternal complement of the conditions which produced them, the bride and the bridegroom; they cannot be separated, they cannot outlive each other. *If the conditions are eternal, humanity is eternal.*

Then every atom of the Universe is human in its tendency, because the aggregate product of the motive which actuates it is the only condition upon which humanity can be produced. *If the conduct and properties of every atom of matter in the Universe is not the result of a previous existing intention, then why does not the acorn become a maple tree instead of an oak? Why does not the beechnut become an apple tree instead of a beech? Why does not the seed of a*

cucumber become a turnip? And so we might continue to question, but throughout the whole Universe fixed purpose confronts us at every step of the investigation. With time and proper environments, the apple seed will always explain in its own peculiar way its own peculiar secret. It will always take the same methods to express it. Its language, it is true, is a little difficult of comprehension—until it finally arrives with the beauty of its leaves and blossoms, and bearing in its outstretched arms and hands its blushing red secret, with the modest announcement: "I have brought this to you. I gathered it from the earth, sunshine and moisture. I knew you would like the perfume and flavor. Side by side, you and I have come up from an infinite past. I represent the conditions that have made you possible. You are here because I am here, and I am here because you are here."

This is the grand chorus of every verse of the divine song of the Universe. It is wafted to us upon the winds in the perfume of myriad flowers; the refrain is caught up and sent back to us from the cattle upon endless hills; we catch it in the music of every brook, and in all the songs of the birds. We can see it in the bright beams of the morning sun, and those beautiful tints upon the western clouds, as they receive the last vanishing kiss of the evening light, repeat the words of that joyous chorus: *You are here because I am here, and I am here because you are here.*

It takes a planet with its environments to make intelligence possible. We cannot think unless we have something to think about. We cannot conceive of the pleasure or the mental structure that grow out of the faculty of seeing without objects to see. We must have the surroundings that contain in them the possibilities of hearing, seeing, tasting, touching, smelling; and we must have a living form with the possibilities within itself to receive, personate, individualize, and enjoy the impressions created by these conditions—otherwise the self-evident intention of the conditions is lost. Music without a listener, a home without an occupant, a banquet without the guests, beauty without the admirers, love without the lovers,—these things are impossible.

If there is a creative or primary cause, which, I believe, is conceded today by all eminent thinkers, then we are forced to the conclusion that in that same cause lies the cause of matter, as well as all its properties and manifestations. It follows then, as a self-evident truth, that the presence of matter—including all the secrets therein deposited—is the direct product of a primary intention. Matter, then, is undoubtedly a means to an end; a method of expression in which are revealed the motives which have produced it. Step by step, when we are ready to hear, the grand story is told.

Let us begin with the chemistry of the rocks, those stone documents in which are contained the theology of an infinite past, and the guarantee of a coming humanity. Let us ponder over the rock, or inorganic world. Perhaps we may be able to induce it to give up its secret. If not all, it may perhaps yield to us a part, an intimation, or at least some clue that will lead us to some intelligent conclusions.

The inorganic world is represented by the naked and apparently speechless planet, but herein is contained the whole secret; though, like the apple seed, it takes its own time to unfold its bewildering story. *The great primary intelligence, through the instrumentality of what we call chemical affinity, molecular attraction, and gravitation, has rolled up its intentions in a spherical mass, every atom of which has a distinct and separate mission; and the aggregate product of their labors is a condition, and individual intelligence is the ultimate and only purpose of that condition. I believe this to be the only rational interpretation that can possibly be put on our present surroundings.*

Let us return to the mineral world. Here we find, according to our present knowledge, something in the number of sixty-eight elements. The more closely we study the nature of these elements, the more firmly we shall become convinced that they have a purpose in view, as we watch in silent wonder their mysterious conduct toward each other. Here we find ourselves in a world of attractions and repulsions; elemental unions; marriage and intermarriage, as it

were. This is the great workshop; this is the great laboratory, where the possibilities of human intelligence and civilization are brought into existence.

There are two great workers in this infinite laboratory that I want to talk to you about. Science has made us somewhat familiar with the labors of both. I allude to molecular force and chemical affinity. What is molecular force? It is that power which enables fluids to become solids; which enables elementary bodies to assume definite shapes and forms. For example, iron, tin, copper, gold, silver, and lead, in fact, all bodies that have assumed the solid form, have been brought into that condition by molecular force. Let us pause a moment and contemplate the expansion of intelligence that has grown out of simply those solids I have mentioned, not to allude to others that are the direct product of molecular force. Is molecular force an accident? If not, then it must have an intention. Let us contemplate for one moment the influence which any one of those solids has had in the development of human progress. Remove, for example, the effect which iron alone has had upon the development of thought. You would almost blot out the machinery of the world; you would almost destroy the possibility of the production of literature; navigation would be reduced to its primary condition; existence itself would be imperiled; all the channels of thought which have been created in turning it into the various uses to which it has been applied would never have been opened It would seem then to be almost a self-evident proposition, that the function of molecular force is to assist in creating conditions that must ultimately result in the expression of intelligence.

To molecular force and chemical affinity, acting upon the various elements, we are indebted for this solid envelope underneath our feet in the shape of the earth's crust—this infinite webwork of concealed intentions, this grand kaleidescope of expressions from the rock to the human face, which has been in the process of preparation from the beginning. The human face is no new gospel. It is simply the old one rearranged. The same chemistry, the same elements which

enter into its composition, build the hills. They are moistened with the breath of a primary intelligence, and commissioned with an incomprehensible power of rearrangement, which has led them on step by step until they express the wondrous story of smiles, tears, love, friendship—and all the other human feelings and emotions. *It takes the chemistry of a planet to express one individual human face and what it represents.*

This fact alone seems to me sufficient insurance that humanity will never be extinguished. *The human form is a complete resumé of the mechanical forces which build the Universe; its early life, like the nebular mass which is the childhood of planets, is simply a little microscopic world of seething, eddying, rushing life—a bundle of molecules with their final purpose as yet all concealed and undefined. But behold, in this apparently meaningless clot, the future Shakespeares, Darwins, Napoleons,—all the literature that has ever been produced, all the inventions that have come to light, all the cities that have ever been built—in a word, the whole fabric of human civilization.*

What is this clot when chemically analyzed? It is carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, endowed with the affinity to enable it to combine with all the other elements necessary in the construction of the human body—all identical in every respect with those found in what we call Nature. Of such is the human form.

With microscopic vision, let us approach embryonic life in the form of a bundle of moving cells, and with earnest reverence endeavor to catch a glimpse, if possible, of that invisible power which shapes the future man. Behold the marshaling and grouping of those infinitely small particles of matter around the living germ; see it like a master builder arrange the material for its future structure; and after having arranged the necessary constituents in a manner best suited to its future interests with itself in the center, see it then, with an intuition stamped with divinity, select from among those constituents those which it requires for the construction of its grand purpose, and reject those which are prejudicial

to its life. Step by step, the great chemical compound assumes the human form, and upon the constant and daily renewal of the elements that I have mentioned in the way of food, does that form depend for its life and existence as well as its ability to think; and the more vigorously it thinks, the greater will be the waste of certain of those elements which are more directly engaged in the production of thought.

I am simply stating to you well-known facts, which, if we think at all, we are compelled to look fairly in the face. Let us view them honestly and reverently, without prejudice or dogmatism. We need not fear the loss of our cherished idols. These views are perfectly consistent with the most profound religious thought. Certainly, as the matter stands, there is no possibility of escaping the conclusion that the only condition upon which human thought can be produced is the sacrifice of the molecular life of the brain. *It transmits the message.* Our possibilities are outlined by the perceptions received from matter through the molecules of the brain; the connecting link between mind and matter. Here the matter of this planet has evidently reached its ultimate end, its final destiny. *The rock has given up its life that our forests and meadows may live. They, too, have given up their life that it may be found again in the flocks and herds of the plains. They are all on their journey to the molecules of the brain. They too die, that you and I may think, act, live. It would seem, then, to be a fairly rational conclusion, that humanity or human intelligence was the ultimate intention of the Universe.*

> "That very law which moulds a tear,
> And bids it trickle from its source,—
> That law preserves the earth a sphere,
> And guides the planets in their course."

In a short article, such as this must necessarily be, I cannot do more than merely approach the outskirts of this infinite theme. I am simply submitting to you the product of a few scattered hours of reflection. I have already alluded to that law which is expressed in the force which we call

chemical affinity. I wish to call your attention still further to this strange, invisible reality—this mysterious fondness, as we may justly call it, that the elements have for one another. In attempting to define it, we can simply say that it is the power which enables two elements to unite and become an entirely different substance from either of the elements that produced it. It is a marriage, as it were, in which the individuality of both husband and wife is lost in the production of a new form of matter. To this peculiar fondness or predisposition on the part of each element to unite with some other, we are indebted for all the compound forms of matter that enter into the composition of this planet. Each element has an individual energy of its own; all these individual energies have coalesced to accomplish a final purpose.

Let us proceed to examine some of the work that is accomplished by the individual energy of a few of the elements. Let us begin with oxygen and carbon. They are both elements. Oxygen is fond of carbon, and carbon is fond of oxygen. Whenever they are brought together under conditions favorable to their union, they will unite. With what results? The formation of heat. Let your mind run along the line and grasp if you can this great factor in the development of human thought and civilization, and then you may awake to a partial realization of what must have been contemplated when oxygen and carbon were endowed with a disposition to unite. In that disposition lies the promise of the product of millions of industries; the promise of the present great system of the world's commercial arteries, both by sea and land; the promise of homes and firesides. Yes, and the promise of the throbbing human heart itself.

Did it ever occur to you that every thought of our existence is dependent on the fact that oxygen has a liking for carbon? All unconscious, the heaving human breast responds to the ebb and flow of atmospheric oxygen as it rolls in velvet waves into the millions of minute cavities of the lungs, washing with a touch of infinite delicacy one side of the microscopic membranes which form these cavities. Just here upon the opposite side of these delicate cavities the dark

molecules of carbonated venous blood, after having spent their oxygen, which means their life and energy among the tissues, along their journey from the extremities, meet the fresh atoms of oxygen; they pause a moment, standing cheek to cheek, and mouth to mouth, while the atoms of oxygen whisper the glad secret of renewed life to the weary travelers who, redeemed and exhilarated with fresh vigor, hasten back to the heart to again begin their oft repeated journey, distributing as they go elasticity and strength to the limb, the glow of health to the cheek, the expression of vice or crime, or the winning assurance of goodness and intelligence to the face.

This is the same oxygen, remember, that has been hinting a higher purpose in thousands of other formations that enter into the composition of the earth's crust. The same carbon, too, that forms our coal fields and builds our forests. They are two great factors in shaping the conditions through which they—with all the other elements—could finally express the thought with which they are burdened from the beginning; which they have at last personified in ends, motives, passions, affections, likings, loves, and virtues.

Yes, blood and water, breath and air, light and sight, have been complements of each other from the beginning; they have long been lovers, so much so, that we cannot conceive of the one without the other. *The highest destiny of matter is the exhibition of intelligence. The investigation of its methods is our highst mission, because in that investigation, we will be brought closer to the spirit that produced it, and closer to one another.* The unfolding of the unlimited possibilities for the expansion of intelligence that are contained in the laws which generate the Universe, has simply begun. Humanity, however, will be slow to recognize the fact that the same laws which enable it to think, are constantly constructing the material which makes thought possible. The very identical laws that digest, assimilate and convert into reflections and activity the annual harvest, weave that harvest from the opening bud to the ripened sheaf. The commingling and conjunction of the life of the molecules of

the earth with the molecular life of the apple-seed, as they express themselves, first, in the bud with its delicate leaves, then in the trunk with its branches, leaves, blossoms and fruit, is equally as mysterious as the conjunction of the molecules of the brain when they exhibit the profoundest thought.

But let us pass on, after having already referred to the individual energy of two elements, and having called your attention briefly to the part played by their combining energy in the production of the human form, and the development of human intelligence. Let us now introduce a third—hydrogen, for example—one more link in the grand chain of evident purpose. What about hydrogen? Why, it too, has a liking for oxygen, and oxygen has a liking for it. What think you is the product of this silent, mysterious friendship on the part of these elements? The ocean, lakes and rivers; the water of the planet; two-thirds of the weight of the human body itself. Ponder for a moment over the uses and possibilities present as well as future that lie coiled up in this, the offspring resulting from the union of these two elements, and tell me, if you are still in doubt, that the construction of humanity was contemplated when these two elements were made one? If so, I ask you to watch that gathering rivulet on yonder mountain side, as it quenches the thirst of the weary prospector; murmuring and chattering on its journey to the thirsty valley, telling the glad story of its purpose through flower and forest, flocks and herds, meadows and orchards, telling it again in yonder weeping cloud, as it wanders on its mission of mercy emptying the only hope of vegetable life into the hungry soil; and watch it, still in the interests of humanity, as the strength of its elastic force is heard in the rumbling machinery of a million industries which it pushes into action, and as it hurries over the thousands of miles of national arteries, the necessities of life to the expectant nations, announcing in the grandeur of its latent might, *"I have humanity in view."*

The present circumstances will not permit me to continue longer on this inexhaustible theme. I stated to you in the beginning that humanity was the intention of the Universe;

in other words, that we, ourselves, are the final product of the individual and combined energies of every element on this planet. I have only referred to the conduct and evident intentions of a few; but there is not a single law that is engaged in the construction of this planet that is not represented in the construction and maintenance of the human form. *There is not a single element found in the human body that is not found in the hills and forests and in the lower animals.* The same all-pervading intelligence that infused life into the whirling atoms of the nebular mass, enabling them to assume the form of this solid spherical planet upon which we live, has enabled them to assume the form and uses of this beautiful vegetable world of ours, with its countless charms of color and fragrance—this same intelligence has enabled them to assume the form of the creeping insect, the beast of the forest, the cattle upon the plains, as well as the divinely impressive human face, which has been expressed in duplicate, the one, the sweet tender complement of its more rugged brother,—the same element throughout the whole journey, governed by the same laws and endowed with an incomprehensible capacity of rearrangement and expression.

We have at last arrived. When did we begin? We began in the mind of the great inscrutable, unnameable First Cause; and HE has constructed the Universe through which, and by means of which, HE has expressed us. We are the fruit of that tree whose roots are nestled in the bosom of the Infinite One. In HIM and through HIM we live, breathe, move, and have our being. When shall we end? When HE shall end. Let not our hearts be troubled. This stupendous fabric of individualized thought is here to stay, and when the last kind, sad offices of the dying bed are finished, and we instinctively prepare, with kindly tears, to lay the body in the bosom of its mother, from whose breast it has received its morning, noon, and evening life, we must remember that matter has simply done the work it has been commissioned to do. Here its functions end.

The question naturally arises, whence does matter spring? Our answer is, from out the bosom of God.

"PATIENCE WORTH" AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

CASPER YOST

"Flesh doth fall unto naught, and yet that that settleth the tung for to speak still remaineth. Then look ye! I be me, even as thou art thee. For what be me be the all of ye that be ye."—Patience Worth.

WHETHER a belief in the immortality of the soul may be established or strengthened by the case of "Patience Worth," is, of course, entirely dependent upon the opinion one may form of that intelligence. If "Patience Worth" is a product of the subconscious operations of Mrs. Curran's mind, as the result of external impressions, or as the outcropping of stored inheritances, the case has, perhaps, no direct bearing upon the question of immortality. It is simply an amazing and beautiful phenomenon of psychology. But if "Patience Worth" is a separate and independent personality, using Mrs. Curran merely as a medium of transmission for her words, then, indeed, it becomes a matter of tremendous significance in relation to the problem of soul perpetuity. If "Patience Worth" is what she claims to be, an inhabitant of a region outside of and beyond human consciousness and human life, she is positive evidence of the existence of such a region and such a habitation, and her assurances are worthy of acceptance. I cannot conceive any neutrality of position in this matter. She is either the one or the other; she is either Mrs. Curran or she is not Mrs. Curran. I freely concede that there may be, and doubtless is, a sort of twilight zone wherein it is difficult to distinguish between what is mind and what may be spirit. But the personality of "Patience Worth" is too sharply defined, too vivid, for place in this shadowy region. She is not a phantom in a fog.

Subconsciousness is the usual naturalistic explanation of such phenomena as this, and in my own limited acquaintance with psychic or spirit matters I have found it, or have thought that I found it, quite sufficient. But it does not explain "Patience Worth." Mrs. Curran's reading, education, and associations give not the slightest foundation for such a production. Her education did not touch English literature; her reading has been almost exclusively current; her tastes and ambitions have always drawn her toward music rather than toward books. She has read nothing of an archaic character, none of the older poets or prose writers, no books upon English literature of the past. Her father was a newspaper man, but his literary interests, too, were contemporaneous. She lived during a few years of her childhood in a small village in the Ozarks, near St. Louis. There she

was in the midst of a rude and somewhat illiterate people, but their language is no more archaic than that of the rural population of some parts of New England, New York, Virginia, and many other states; and although I, also, spent my youth in the Ozarks and am familiar with its idioms, I have been unable to find a single one of its verbal peculiarities in the speech of "Patience Worth." In short, there can be only negative responses to all inquiries as to the circumstances of Mrs. Curran's life that might be supposed to have a bearing upon the subconscious theory of production.

Sublimal genius might account for the literature, by a great stretch of one's credence, but how may one explain the language and the knowledge? Here is shown not merely an acquaintance with literary English of a past period, but with many dialects of England. "Patience Worth" changes her form of speech and writing at will. Each of her important prose productions is dialectically different from the others, and yet it is always unquestionably Patience Worth who writes them. Whatever the dialect of each may be, it is consistently maintained throughout the work. She has written, and is now writing, four long stories. The first was "Red Wing," a story in dramatic form. The second was "Telka," a novel in the modern sense. The third, on which she is now engaged, is a tale of Judea in the time of Christ, which she calls "The Sorry Tale." The fourth is a humorous story of medieval England, tentatively entitled "The Merry Tale," which she is writing apparently as a relief from the intense seriousness and profound emotion of "The Sorry Tale," the composition of the two stories proceeding simultaneously, or, rather, alternating. Often she works at both stories in the course of an evening. The language of "Red Wing" is quite different from that of "Telka," which in turn bears little resemblance to that of "The Merry Tale." All three are in colloquial English, but each one is in a dialect that, taken as a whole, was, in all probability, never spoken, and certainly never written. Each seems to be a composite of dialect words and idioms of different periods and different localities of England. The characteristics of "Telka" are mainly southern—the region of Wessex; but it contains many words peculiar to northern counties or to Scotland. The language of "The Merry Tale" is distinguished by some of the inflections of middle England of three centuries ago. But "The Sorry Tale" is not in dialect, in the sense in which the word is applied to the others. It is a literary tongue somewhat resembling the language of the King James version of the Bible in form and style, but with the unmistakable verbal peculiarities of "Patience Worth."

The knowledge displayed of material facts is equally mystifying. Some evidence of her familiarity with English life and customs has been given, but "The Sorry Tale" takes her into different lands and

different times. She enters the Palestine of 2,000 years ago and reveals a knowledge of the minutia of its life that is simply amazing. The social customs of Romans, Greeks, Jews, and Arabians, the dress, the household furniture and implements, the religions, and religious observances, the commercial methods, the relations between the ruling Romans and the subject Jews,—these and innumerable other details are depicted with intimacy and verity. Time after time have I searched through many volumes to verify a statement of fact of a nature not to be found in histories, and invariably her accuracy has been proven whenever I could discover any authoritative reference to the subject.

If contact with old English could be assumed to account for the stories of England, how is one to explain "The Sorry Tale" by subconscious operation? If there is anything in the theory of "stored inheritances," can such inheritances accumulate through 2,000 years? What is the difference between a naturalistic theory that complacently accepts the miraculous, although spurning the word, and a belief in the supernatural?

Most of us are disposed to jump sideways when the word "supernatural" is mentioned. None of us know exactly what it means, but we have a feeling that it isn't proper to have any association with it. I have that feeling, and I shall not attach the term to "Patience Worth." Neither would I willingly apply the word "spirit" to her, because, in the first place, I do not know what a spirit is, and have my doubts about the knowledge of other people; and, second, because it is commonly used as a synonym for ghosts, wraiths, spooks, and other shadowy creatures unpopular in good society. It is true that "Patience" has several times humorously referred to herself as a wraith. A friend sent her an ancient spinning wheel which greatly delighted her, but she insisted that a spinster and a spinning wheel required a tabby to complete the harmony. It must be a brindle tom, one that would arch its back and "spit" when aroused. Cats of that character seemed to be scarce in St. Louis; and in the absence of anything better, an exceedingly emaciated feline was accepted on the theory that it could be developed to the specifications. But, alas! after a few days it died. And Patience exclaimed: "A wraith of a cat for a wraith of a dame!" I do not recall that she has used the term seriously.

But whatever the terminology, it is difficult to avoid the conviction that here, at least, is something outside of human personality, something definite, consistent, intellectual, compelling attention. Whatever we may designate it, it seems indubitably to be something that has lived in the flesh and that yet lives when the flesh is gone. It knows the flesh, its sorrows, its joys, its weaknesses. It reveals a most intimate knowledge of humanity, and it has in itself the emotional

and spiritual attributes of humanity. May we not then call it a soul!

But, it will have been noticed, she is little concerned in the direct evidences of her personality. She relies upon her words to prove herself. Words are a form of proof that can be spread before the world, that can be examined and analyzed in the calm atmosphere of the study, and that may be preserved indefinitely. She has a definite and steadily maintained plan of action. All her works have a purpose; first, to establish the certainty and genuineness of her personality; and, second, to deliver a message. By presenting a body of literature in linguistic form, or forms, absolutely unique, which no man would be likely to attempt, and which none, perhaps, could execute, she undoubtedly expects to prove that "I be me." The reference here is primarily to compositions that are yet to appear in print. "Patience Worth" is a continuing phenomenon. The first book about her is merely introductory. The larger literature is to come. When she has confirmed the independence of her personality by means of this literature, when she has proven by it that she is a soul unconfined by flesh, then the message that she is delivering, the assurances and the promises of another life, may find acceptance. For the present it is enough to know that she is the tenderest, most lovable intelligence that has spoken from out the Beyond in twenty centuries.

CHALLENGE

Sidney Austin Witherbee

"FULL many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air—"
Mr. Gray was wrong I ween—
There is no desert, if a flower is there.
Where 'er you find a flower there is a bird;
Where 'er you find a bird there is a stream,
And where there is a stream, there's always heard,
Rippling music—as in some sweet dream.
There never was a flower that blushed unseen;
For if they blush where man has never trod,
Full many a bee consorting with its queen
Has glimpsed their sweetness by the grace of God.
I know the deserts well, empty and bare—
Like empty hearts, there are no flowers there.

IMMINENT CONSTITUTIONAL SHAMS

Malcolm H. Lauchheimer

THE present epoch of social legislation has thrown upon the courts a heavier burden than was formerly their lot. The economic delinquencies of the laissez-faire theory of state inaction have been fully appreciated by present-day communities, and strenuous efforts have been made in the direction of economic readjustment through legislation. Beginning in the real spirit of German social reform, although England broke the laissez-faire ice, this social legislation has spread over the whole civilized world. However, in Germany and in England and especially in the Dominions, this legislation has had its greatest stimulus and its furthest development. It is an interesting fact that most of these experiments in economic readjustment have been tested in countries where there is no constitutional check on the legislating body; where, as Professor Burgess would say, there is no well-defined sphere of personal liberty.

These experiments seem to have worked well in the above countries. Within the last quarter of a century, the American States have seen that this legislation is good and have slowly adopted it for their own. But in the United States there is always one more difficulty in the way of any legislation than there is in most other countries, the constitutional difficulty: *we have a written Constitution enforced by a most powerful Supreme Court.*

That was the hitch! The courts would be confronted with an economically desirable law backed overwhelmingly by popular opinion, but rather startlingly opposed to the letter of the Constitution. The inevitable happened. Our Constitution was made for all time. The courts construed the Constitution liberally and elastically. They interpreted it in the light of reason and of contemporaneous thought and not as an immutable God-sent revelation. They interpreted it as a statement of fundamental policy, not as an iron-clad rule. More bluntly but more truthfully, the written Constitution tended under the continued assaults of the social reformers and through the elasticity of judicial opinion to approximate the unwritten constitutions of England. *But only tended.* The judges are a conscientious lot representing the best, though perhaps the most conservative, type of American mind; they are entrusted with the guarding and the preservation of the Constitution; and sometimes they resisted the too vigorous showings of the reformers. Then the outcry; then the criticism; then the constitutional amendments. But the showing continued and the courts had

to give way a little more unless there was devised some counter tendency, some counter philosophy with which to resist the legislatures. These counter tendencies, however, were themselves often made use of to support a radical movement, and the Constitution would be again besieged. Thus it can be said that in certain respects our constitution is tending toward an extreme elasticity, almost toward an unchecking convention. This is especially true of the "due process of law" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment and of the commerce clause —though this evolution is by no means confined to these clauses. In this paper, I have attempted to trace briefly this constitutional tendency in the interpretation of these two clauses in social and industrial legislation, especially by the Supreme Court of the United States; and, though not presuming to champion the courts, to present at least a rational description of this development.

The "due process of law" clause of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments is usually traced back to the *per legem terrae* of the Magna Charta and even beyond; but, as a rule of substantive law, its development is very recent and practically entirely American. No sooner, however, was this doctrine evolved upon its substantive side than it was found to be too stringent a limitation upon the legislative power for present day needs. Almost immediately, therefore, there were conceived exceptions which almost removed the proposed legislation from the restriction of the Constitution. The power of the state over its governmental institutions and over corporations, except as limited by the Dartmouth College case, were ready at the hands of the jurist, and the doctrines of businesses tinged with a public interest and of the inherent police power of the state were quickly evolved to limit the limitation. It would be interesting to discuss the exceptions to the due process of law clause discovered by the courts in each of these doctrines; but, for the purposes of this paper, a study of the extension of the police power will lead to the desired end.

For it must be understood that practically all labor legislation—quite the most interesting of social legislation—has been justified under the police power. Laws insuring the safety of employment were, of course, clearly within the police power of the state to provide for the health and safety of its citizens. Naturally enough, also, laws requiring the sanitation of places of employment were upheld. The next step was the sustaining of laws regulating the hours of employment in certain industries dangerous to health or safety in various ways. This was rather a big step in that direction of development—in truth, it was a step bridging a chasm. But the courts approached this legislation from another angle than solely as an extension of health and safety legislation, and they were somewhat helped in this by the chronological order in which the laws were brought before them. Really, the first labor

legislation was in the nature of a protection to women and children. Now, the common law itself recognized these two classes as entitled to some protection so that these early enactments did not tax the imagination of the courts. Gradually, they were led along this line of legislation at the same time that they were upholding safety and sanitary enactments; so that, when the time came to declare constitutional a reasonable regulation of the hours of employment of men, women, and children in certain noxious employments, rather as a matter of course, though there was backfiring and hesitation in certain ill-considered and now discredited cases, the courts gracefully accepted the laws. Yes, a chasm was bridged; for, in order to uphold these laws, the public welfare had to be considered worthy of the protection of the police power.

The next step was the acceptance of laws regulating the hours of employment of women and children in all occupations, with a few exceptions on account of administrative expediency. This is the present water-mark of the Supreme Court. Subject only to the constitutional check of reasonableness—and a measure must be very unreasonable for the courts to question the sagacity of the legislature—the legislature may regulate the conditions of employment of women and children. It would seem, also, that the same thing might be undertaken for men. Not that I am endeavoring to prophesy as to constitutional questions—and, moreover, it is hardly likely that such a law will be enacted—but a logical development of the police power would naturally justify such legislation.

Of more practical importance is the question of minimum wage legislation for women. A case testing the constitutionality of such a law has been before the Supreme Court for over a year and the decision is greatly in doubt. However, one court, from which this appeal is taken, has sustained the law. It upheld the law very logically on the ground that it was a just exercise of the police power; for, if laws regulating the conditions surrounding the workers are proposed safeguards for the state to erect around its citizens; if laws regulating the hours of labor perform a proper service in conserving the health of the workingman—why is it not possible to show a reasonable connection between the minimum wage and the health of the worker in order to justify state interference here? The Oregon court did this and the Consumers' League has done it in an elaborate brief filed by it in the appeal before the Supreme Court. Of course, these laws are a serious restriction upon the freedom of contract; but that is a question of policy and expediency for the legislators, not a question of law. The courts have established the police power and have willingly refused to define or delimit the term. In the gradual evolution of ideas, this exception to potentially one of the most stringent constitutional limitations has served as a justification for act after act of labor legislation,

and it is hard to see that the minimum wage laws entail a more serious extension of the police power than do laws fixing the hours of labor.

Some, however, are inclined to argue that the police power has been extended to its utmost and even beyond. They view rather with alarm the minimum wage laws, but they absolutely outlaw the recent social product of the legislatures, the workmen's compensation laws. These acts are, it is true, more of an incursion upon the " due process of law " clause than any other labor legislation and do bring up a new phase of the matter. The typical American law imposes upon every employer covered by the act a vicarious liability, without reference to fault, for every injury, except wilful self-injury and those caused by drunkenness, happening to an employee within the course of his or her employment. Frankly considered, it is a taking of property from one class, the employers, and handing it to another, the employees, upon the happening of a contingency. The pure compulsory compensation law has been squarely before only one court which found it unconstitutional, but slightly adulterated laws have been rather generally upheld throughout the country and the decision of this one court was quickly repudiated by an amendment to the state constitution. Yet, as far as fine, technical law is concerned, this opinion of the New York court is the best treatment of the compensation movement. The opinion was merely too narrow, it did not fairly meet the question. No consideration was given to the police power and it is under this power that the laws must be upheld.

The legislatures, after careful examination, have determined that there is a close relation between the safety and welfare of the public and an indiscriminate compensation for all accidents happening to workmen; they have seen fit to charge this compensation entirely to the industry and not, as abroad, half to the industry and half to workingman, or by some such arrangement. The American acts have gone further than most of the foreign acts, but they have merely added another implied term to every contract between employer and employee; they have merely further limited the freedom of contract; and, since their provisions are intimately connected with the safety and welfare of the people, it would certainly seem that a logical extension of the police power would justify them.

It is the gradual, logical extension of this exception to the constitutional limitation, this gradual elimination of the Constitution which incited the remark earlier made that our formal written Constitution is approaching in many respects a merely conventional constitution. Many lawyers argue very brilliantly that a certain social reform is unconstitutional though, they concede, economically justified: they say that we have tied our hands by a written Constitution and must abide by it. Not so the courts. Their attitude is well expressed by Justice

Holmes in Noble State Bank vs. Haskell (219 U. S. 104), when he stated:

"It may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."

The courts are very slow to press the words of the Fourteenth Amendment to a dryly logical extreme and to read into the Constitution a *nolumus mutare* as against the lawmaking power.

Viewing the constitutional provision in this light, we must admit that one line of cases dealing with labor laws unpleasantly demands some attempt at reconciliation with its environment. Many, indeed a majority, of the states have passed what may be termed anti-blacklisting laws prohibiting either the discharge or the non-employment of laborers because of their membership in a labor union. Yet, in spite of this "strong and preponderant opinion" of the necessity of this legislation, the courts throughout the country, even including the Supreme Court, with only one minor exception have declared these laws unconstitutional. It is easy enough to criticize the courts for their action in these cases, to remind them that it is not for them to exercise a veto on legislative policy or to declare that it is not public policy to place the labor union on the same rank as the state militia when the legislature has declared such to be its interpretation of policy. But there is perhaps an explanation of this action of the courts, which would not necessitate such vociferation as usually meets the mention of these cases.

The wedge being driven by social legislation has been forced by the reformers at an increasing rate of speed. The courts have had to swallow many a law which did not seem exactly legal. "Have had to," I say, for *the courts are sworn to uphold the Constitution, and they naturally do not look with pleasure upon the gradual whittling away of that instrument.* Moreover, we must give them credit for foreseeing where the present road of constitutional extension will lead. They are, therefore, endeavoring to develop a counter tendency of constitutional limitation, which will, when fully conceived, serve as a check upon state encroachment. For those who believe in unionism rather than socialism, the Coppage case is an unfortunate decision. It is natural, however, that the courts, which have been compelled to advance as far towards socialism as the minimum wage through the inherent logic of their own decisions, should attempt to establish the wedge of limitation by their opposition to the legality of state-aided unionism. It is not the intention here to defend the Coppage decision; it can only be viewed with equanimity as a mere eddy which will soon be wiped out. The

attitude of the courts to the Fourteenth Amendment is a liberal one and the extension of the police power alone is fast relegating the " due process of law " clause to the realm of political shams. The antagonistic attitude of the courts to the anti-blacklisting laws should not be considered a reactionary tendency pure and simple, but more in the nature of a recoil before a new and unfamiliar kind of legislation as in the Bakeshop case.

The commerce clause has had a very different development. The same tendency towards a convention rather than a strict Constitution is evident here as well as in the " due process of law " interpretation, but at the same time this tendency as to the commerce clause furnishes some interesting contrasts. Instead of a startlingly rapid development, the commerce clause has gone through a series of gradual and often imperceptible changes, although, to be sure, the greatest change here too has been within the last quarter of a century. The gradualness of the development accounts for most of the differences between the evolution of this clause and of the " due process of law " clause and especially for the comparatively even growth of the commerce clause. Its development is unbroken by such decisions as the Bakeshop and Coppage cases, or rather, if these decisions ever occurred, they have been assimilated by time into the full evolution. This tendency too has manifested itself in two parallel lines of cases, one extending the power of the federal government over the economic affairs of the country, and the other not exactly curtailing the federal government but extending the power of the state government over interstate matters.

The first manifestation of this tendency has been evident for so long and has been so often set forth that it is not worth while to dilate on it here except in the broadest outlines. The growth of this country from thirteen separated colonies to a unified nation has necessitated the development of some federal control. Not only has the importance of interstate commerce increased astoundingly and the modes of commerce become unbelievably numerous, but the interrelation of interstate commerce with the internal trade and industry of the State has demanded that some centralizing influence exert itself upon these internal affairs. Congress has usually heeded the call; and the courts *ex necessitati,* though of course they do not rely upon this argument, have upheld the legislation.

Until the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act, the courts were rather inclined to limit than to extend the commerce clause. But this law, so innocent and indeed seemingly so unimportant in its primary conception, has gradually itself grown to gigantic proportions; it has, moreover, prepared the mind of the country as well as the judiciary to receive most naturally new evidences of federal control. This law is, of course, an obvious exercise of the commerce power, and indeed none

of its amendments except perhaps one extension of the rate-making power of the Interstate Commerce Commission contains any revolutionary developments. Closely following upon this law was the Sherman Anti-trust Act. This law, too, was innocent enough on its face; the early interpretations confined the act to commerce and excluded industry, or manufacturing, from its operation. But this restriction was soon repudiated and under this law and its recent reenactment, the federal government has intermeddled with many state manufacturing businesses whose merchandise was later to become articles of interstate commerce. Of course, ostensibly the government has only legislated against combinations in restraint of interstate commerce, but this was merely a blind to protect the sham inviolability of the distribution of powers under the commerce clause. Under the Commerce Act, moreover, the federal government through the agency of the Commerce Commission can now practically regulate rates on State railroads, for, under the Rate Cases, a State-fixed rate cannot operate to vary the effect of a federally fixed interstate rate. And with the full growth of the Federal Trade Commission, it seems that we are on the verge of a thorough federal control of the big industrial problems through the agency of the commerce clause.

Closely connected with this growth of the federal control over industrial problems is the attempted, if not yet accomplished, extension of the power of Congress over labor conditions within the states. This is an extension of the police power of the central government over interstate commerce which has manifested itself in the outlawing from interstate commerce such articles as diseased cattle, adulterated food, and explosives. Such an exercise of this power was perfectly normal, but when the Supreme Court upheld the lotteries act, the door was opened for an extension of this power much beyond the strict limits of the Constitution. A logical development of this power was made use of when the vice commissions startled the country with their report of the extent of the white-slave traffic, and now this power has been naturally turned to introduce uniformity in the legislation of the states against child labor and even against tenement-made goods.

There is hardly any doubt of the value and desirability of this legislation and increasingly less doubt as to its ultimate constitutionality, though there will have to be a stretching of precedent to uphold it. As there is a demand for the legislation the courts are not inclined to deny the validity of it when it can be upheld. But in allowing this legislation, the constitution must give way and, in these instances, the commerce clause must be stretched beyond recognition. This clause still has some vitality but the line of decisions and laws just considered testify that it too is becoming more of a convention than a written limitation.

This tendency is equally as manifest in the other line of decisions centering around the commerce clause which rather protract the commerce clause by giving to the States more power to be self-sufficient and to establish their boundaries as a protection of their own interests. This line of cases is a rather short line, to be sure, but yet very significant. Their result is to authorize the delegation by Congress of part of its power over interstate commerce to the states. These cases, though the legal reasoning upon which they are based is perfectly valid, seem absolutely opposed to the spirit as well as the letter of the constitition and were only justified by the courts by circuitous reasoning. They differ from the line of cases just considered in that they violate a fundamental maxim of constitutional law; whereas the other cases merely expand a power after the natural tendency of constitutions to expand. But it is not the purpose of this paper to criticize, and these cases do illustrate the tendency of the commerce clause to disappear.

Beginning back as far as the first half of the nineteenth century, the Supreme Court has been justifying the attempts of the states to regulate interstate commerce incidentally in the exercise of their inherent police power. In fact, it was in these cases that the concept of the police power first made its appearance. The states were moreover able to impose inspection duties upon articles of interstate commerce as long as the duties were merely for inspection purposes and were able to prohibit the importation of any harmful articles. But, if the articles were not *deleterious per se,* the states could not legislate against them in the absence of Congressional action, for Congress by its silence implied that the interstate traffic in these articles should be unconstrained.

Thus to recapitulate, *there is very evident in recent decisions, and even more evident in recent laws, a tendency to relegate the "due process of law" and the interstate commerce limitations to the limbo of constitutional shams.* Social legislation is needed, and it is quite as proper to entrust the constitution to the care of a representative legislature as to the courts. Of course, this is a change, a fundamental change, in American political theory and reactions must be expected; but it seems a change inevitable in the face of our comparatively unamendable constitution. Whether the change is for the better or worse, I leave to the debates of the political theorists.

PREPAREDNESS—AND WOMEN

FRANCES WENTWORTH CUTLER

OF all the ironies of war, none is stranger than this—that it should grant a woman's wish. Yet so it is. From women who have seen their age-old tasks seized by machine industry has arisen the demand to share again their heritage of common work. "We claim all labor for our province": so these women, in the words of Olive Schreiner, have challenged a man-made world.

Today it is the world that challenges women. Seldom has a wish been more literally granted. Unwarned, unprepared, the women of Europe have been plunged out of their idea-tight sphere into the vast province of all labor. What they have claimed has been thrust upon them. What will they do with it?

Some of it they will surely keep. Many of the new opportunities are those which women were already winning, slowly but inevitably. The forces of custom and prejudice which war has shattered at a blow were gradually weakening before their irresistible advance. Governments may rule that these doors to wider service and opportunity shall again close to women after the war. But there are those who prophesy otherwise. What an Englishwoman writes of the share of the women doctors holds true for other professions: "Their real advance will be found in the openings—never to be closed again—that they have gained." Harriet Stanton Blatch, writing of the conference of the Union of Women Workers in England, says: "There was no doubt in my mind that Englishwomen desired to enter paid fields of work, and regarded as permanent the great increase in their employment." The conclusion of these women workers has been echoed by men of science. A committee of the British Association appointed to investigate the replacement of male by female labor "found itself in entire disagreement with the idea that the increased employment of women was a passing phase."

We may share these beliefs, although we recognize that many of the new tasks are but temporary. We read the story of the woman munition maker with admiration for the spirit, endurance, and skill which are actually winning her not only economic independence but a higher social status. A recent letter in *The Nation* declares: "The sense of direct patriotic service associated with the making of shells and cartridges has distinctly raised the social grade of the munition woman worker, who is now quite able to hold her own with the operatives in the cleaner and erstwhile more genteel occupations of

making fancy articles and jewelry." Yet we cannot wish that woman should hold provinces into which she has been thrust by the nation's sore need rather than by her own fitness.

But if the war-worker were content simply to assert her claim to her new tasks, she would ere long lose this greatest of her opportunities. For the future of woman's work rests on her ability to keep by her power and fitness what she has gained through the world's catastrophe. Hence the significance of her demand in Europe today not only for equal place and equal pay, but for equal preparation for work. From every warring country the demand echoes. In Germany it comes from the Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine, which, not content with mobilizing the housewives of the empire to meet the food crisis, is working for continuation schools and vocational training for every girl. In England the Central Committee on Women's Employment, organized to provide for the unemployed women in the vanished "luxury trades," is more and more devoting itself to training these women for better work at fitter tasks. The women's unions are working toward the same end; and the Committee of the British Association already quoted goes on to recommend improved technical training for girls as well as for boys. And this is England, where before the war women were excluded from all but a few skilled trades! But war has worked strange changes in the British heart. One statesman, Mrs. Fawcett tells us, who has always asserted that woman's place is in the home, is now "using all his eloquence to encourage women to come out of their homes in order to save them, to serve their homes by working in the fields or munition factories!" Even the government, so slow to utilize or organize its potential woman power, has learned from dire emergency. The Ministry of Munitions has established nearly seventy free training centers where its women recruits are prepared for their part in munition work. The French government, with greater foresight, had already thrown open its technical schools to its reserve army of women workers.

New opportunities for work and for training—opportunities that must carry social and political recognition with them—are two veritable gains for women, though purchased by untold anguish. But even with these she cannot meet the challenge of tomorrow's demand unless with them comes a third and greater gain—a truer sense of values in her work. No need is deeper than this among women—those who have never known the joy of useful work, and those who boast of a civilization that permits women to be boiler-makers! We are realizing that the woman at home, freed from her household bondage by the bakery, the laundry, and the factory, must find new work to fill her days and her mind. But is the idle parasite a greater evil, to herself or her children, than the unprotected, underpaid sweatshop-worker? Where

is our sense of life-values when we vaunt the right of women to be exploited?

Yet the lesson is even now written for those who will read. *War, which has tested so many of the values of our civilization and found them wanting, is weighing women's work in its merciless balance.* When hostilities broke out it was the "luxury trades" (which claim so much of the unskilled, sweated labor of women) that were the first to vanish. Today much of this unproductive work is unmissed. The reason is not far to seek: the women for whom these luxuries existed are living for larger ends than dressing and shopping.

But this quickened sense of values, born of the necessity of war, does not stop with the checking of woman's useless work. It has given a new reason to her oldest "sphere." The endless drudgery of home work has been lightened by her new aid—to do "her bit." For even statesmen are recognizing that expert housekeeping may be her greatest contribution to the national service. Separation allowances are proving to the soldiers' wives that "their work as housewives and mothers has a value recognized by governments in hard cash."

The National Woman's Service, which is teaching cookery and food conservation to the German peasant women; the Anti-Waste Campaign which Englishwomen are waging—these may prove to be national defenses stronger than Zeppelins and submarines. For such movements do not end with the conservation of material resources. *They are turning the isolated, wasteful drudgery of housework into purposeful, creative work. Greater than waste of wealth is waste of work; for waste of work is waste of life. War, that drives men to destroy life, is forcing women to do and to value aright the work that conserves life.*

But is all this nothing to us? Shall we women of America look on unmoved, or roused only to the immediate tasks that relieve needs but stifle imaginations—to making bandages or marching in preparedness parades? Shall we sit unseeing while the women of Europe wring from their war-toil the power for larger service, the knowledge of the values of work?

A leader of Frenchwomen has said that the future of European nations will depend largely upon the attitude which women now take toward their new obligations. At any moment those obligations may be upon us. Three times in as many years we have seen our country brought to the verge of war. Are we prepared to do our part, to enter our province of labor?

Perhaps not, while our old provinces are still unconquered; while women work in tenements as dangerous as trenches; while others throng around bargains that may have cost the health and joy of the makers; while more waste energy in unintelligent house-drudgery.

What could we do, with purpose quickened and vision clarified by this war? We could insist on an educational system that should develop the individual, that should fit him, and her, for expert service rather than for industrial exploitation. And while thus making ready for the new demands that are pressing upon us, we could see to it that our shops, our factories, our kitchens, are fit for the women who work there. *We could resolve so to live, so to shop, as to lessen the useless work of others;* and we could perhaps lessen our own useless work—the tidies and doylies with which we clutter our homes and our hours. We could, each one of us, do our work with the will to realize its latent life-giving values.

Here is the promise of a real Preparedness for women.

BROTHER

HENRY LEVERAGE

GIVE me the sky and let me see
The star on high that's guiding thee;
Unbind mine eyes so I can praise
The God I knew of other days.

Recall His love, for hate is not
And ne'er can be my earthly lot,
When the same God who bade me live
Died so that He would me forgive.

If you in Him have found your trust,
Recall that I, not you, were thrust
By every circumstance and fate;
And I went wrong and you went straight.

If faith you'll keep with Him above,
Unbind my bonds with hands of love;
For if I'm sunk in deepest shame
To save is sweeter than to blame.

Lend me your arms if me you seek,
Strengthen my faith for I am weak;
Lift me up so that I can see
The star on high that's calling me.

ETHICS IN HUNTING GAME

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Trustee of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund

MILLIONS of American game birds and mammals have been killed because of the rotten ethics of the hunting field. Yes, I am aware of the fact that "rotten" is a rough and jarring word; but in the whole wide range of the English language there is no other that adequately expresses the truth of this situation.

Out of the 3,000,000 men and boys of America who own guns and kill wild things, it is a safe guess that 2,500,000 of them do not know the meaning of the word "ethics," as it should apply to the shot-gun and the rifle. It is therefore very much in order to quote here the language of the Century Dictionary; and we hope that it will somewhat clarify a very murky atmosphere.

"Ethics.—The science of right conduct and character; the science which treats of the nature and grounds of *moral obligation,* and of the rules which ought to determine conduct in accordance with this obligation; the doctrine of *man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others.*"

During the pioneer and frontier days of our country, the hungry and needy citizen, who "struggled mightily with his environment," shot right and left, in order to live. He killed game at all seasons. He killed female deer; he killed fawns, and ate them. He potted quail and grouse on the ground; he killed water-fowl with swivel guns; he fished in and out of season, with nets, gang hooks, spears, and snares.

For years the needy backwoodsmen slaughtered and slew, without let or hindrance; but because his numbers were few, he made little impression upon the general stock of game. His rifle calibers were small, and his powder was black and scarce. He did indeed early exterminate the elk and buffalo from the whole region eastward of the Mississippi; but the remainder of the game held its own.

Finally, with the rise of fat cattle, hogs, wheat and Plenty, there came a great increase in people and guns; and then it occurred to the few that the game was "going, too fast." Certain legal brakes were put on to check the killing. But the game laws of fifty years ago were not devised for the lofty purpose of giving the game a square deal, and a sporting chance to get away from the hunter; not by any means. We are sure that the sole object sought was the retarding of the slaughter of the deer, and the birds then shot as "game," in order that they might not be exterminated too soon.

But another great change has come. Twenty years ago the "frontier" and the "pioneer" passed away from the United States, forever. High-power rifles and shotguns began to flow from the gun factories, by the hundred thousands, and cartridges were turned out in hundreds of millions.

Simultaneously, a few sportsmen scattered here, there, and yonder began to preach and to practice the doctrine of a square deal to the remaining game. In my opinion, the universal fight under this head began in the United States in 1897. At that time there entered the field the New York Zoological Society, Mr. George O. Shields with *Recreation Magazine,* and the New York and Massachusetts State Audubon Societies.

To my mind, the year mentioned saw the real beginning of the present wide-spread effort to establish a universal code of ethics and statute laws to govern the hunting of American game. On this point, however, there will be more opinions than there are different kinds of firearms; which is saying much. Curiously enough, it was in 1894 that the Bird Protection Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union solemnly "asked to be discharged, the need for such committee being considered no longer urgent, of late its functions having been merely advisory, and its services not often required!" (The Auk, Vol. XI, page 87.)

In 1897 Mr. Shields editorially coined the word "game-hog"; and he used that harsh and jarring term with such fearful effect that tens of thousands of hunters who were hit by it immediately began to salve their soreness by hating the author and user of the word. And, strange to say, thousands of men who were not themselves game-hogs became deeply sympathetic in behalf of their friends who were; and they joyously joined in hating the author of their friends' woes, until very many American sportsmen and game-hogs finally met on that common ground! It is, however, a satisfaction to record the fact that Mr. Shields has survived and held his own, latterly on the lecture platform, before which the great Common People hear him gladly.

We repeat that during the past twenty years of concentrated effort in game destruction and game defense, millions of valuable game mammals and birds have been wrongfully slaughtered because of the absence of ethics in hunting. Even down to the present hour, the various states of our nation form a veritable crazy quilt of good game laws, indifferent laws, bad laws, and shameful lack of laws. In every state with imperfect laws, the underlying and outcropping reason for that condition is a lack of personal and state sense of honor and responsibility in dealing with defenseless wild creatures. This in turn is based upon two things: ignorance and selfishness; and there is always a line beyond which selfishness becomes a crime.

A state or a nation can be ungentlemanly or mean, just the same as an individual.

For example: When Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wisconsin stop spring shooting, and Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois sullenly refuse to do so, it is worse than bad state ethics. It is indecent; and everywhere in civilization indecency is a crime. Of course the reason is very plain. The spring-shooters of Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois want all the dead ducks they want, when they want them; and to them, ducks killed in the breeding season are just as good for their tables as any others.

In 1914 a majority of the people of California, in spite of an immense majority on the right side in Southern California, voted to continue the sale of game, for the cash benefit of a small, utterly selfish but financially and editorially powerful class. It was disgracefully bad ethics on the part of Northern California.

Up to this date seventeen states have raised their ethical standard to the height of sternly prohibiting by law the killing of female deer.

These honorable states are the following:

Vermont	Wisconsin
New York	Oklahoma
Pennsylvania	New Mexico
New Jersey	Arizona
West Virginia	Utah
Georgia	Idaho
Alabama	Oregon
Mississippi	California
Missouri	

Two other states, Florida and Texas, have the "buck law" on their statute books, but I am told that neither of them enforce it and so I must omit them from the roll of honor.

But on this point, take the case of the Adirondack guides, and the last legislature of New York, as vicious examples.

For reasons of their own, but none of them good, the guides of the Adirondacks demand the privilege of killing female deer. They do this despite the fact that at least 95 per cent of all the people of the state who know the deer situation are strongly opposed to that reprehensible practice. In the spring of 1916, despite the vigorous opposition of nearly all the game-protecting bodies of New York State, a doe-killing bill was slipped through both houses of the legislature, in the last foggy hours of the session, and was sent to Governor Whitman. In a ringing message, Governor Whitman saved the good name of the state by vetoing the bill. That bill was passed by bad ethics, of course; and in the enlightened year 1916, its success was

shameful and disgusting. However, a good governor is better than a great politician.

The remissness of American sportsmen in the framing and promoting of adequate codes of ethics to govern the taking of wild game on a basis of gentlemanly sport, is really remarkable. A few laws for the prolongation of the supply of killable game date far back; but so far as we are aware, the first serious attempt at the formulation of a code of ethics for the purpose of giving the game a square deal irrespective of laws, was that made by the writer in 1908. The result was first published on April 17, as "A Sportsman's Platform." In 1909 it was formally adopted by the Camp-Fire Club of America as its official "code of ethics," and later on was adopted or indorsed by various other organizations of sportsmen, including the famous Shikar Club of London. In 1913, the Camp-Fire Club, in seeking a motto to be cast in iron around the rim of the Club's camp-kettle, adopted this:

KEEP THE FAITH, THOUGH I GO EMPTY.

In the "Sportsman's Platform," the following planks particularly relate to the ethics of hunting game at this time:

6. No man can be a good citizen and also be a slaughterer of game or fishes beyond the narrow limits compatible with high-class sportsmanship.

7. A game-butcher or a market-hunter is an undesirable citizen, and should be treated as such.

8. The highest purpose which the killing of wild game and game fishes can hereafter be made to serve is in furnishing objects to overworked men for tramping and camping trips in the wilds; and the value of wild game as human food should no longer be regarded as an important factor in its pursuit.

9. If rightly conserved, wild game constitutes a valuable asset to any country which possesses it; and it is good statesmanship to protect it.

10. An ideal hunting trip consists of a good comrade, fine country, and a *very few* trophies per hunter.

11. In an ideal hunting trip, the death of the game is only an incident; and by no means is it really necessary to a successful outing.

12. The best hunter is the man who finds the most game, kills the least, and leaves behind him no wounded animals.

13. The killing of an animal means the end of its most interesting period. When the country is fine, pursuit is more interesting than possession.

14. The killing of a female hoofed animal, save for special preservation, is to be regarded as incompatible with the highest sportsmanship; and it should everywhere be prohibited by stringent laws.

15. A particularly fine photograph of a large wild animal in its haunts is entitled to more credit than the dead trophy of a similar animal. An animal that has been photographed never should be killed, unless previously wounded in the chase.

At this point I would like to ask every American sportsman this question: How many game laws can you count that have been enacted for the purpose of giving the game a square deal in the struggle for existence, regardless of the killable supply?

I do not believe that there are, in all the statute books of our forty-eight states, and over the nation at large, one round dozen of game laws that have been placed there solely on ethical grounds, to give the game justice and a square deal. Every law of which I know that affects killable game owes its existence to the sordid purpose of preserving today in order to have something to kill tomorrow!

We have laws for the protection of women, children, and men; dogs, horses, cats; sheep, swine, and song-birds, from oppression and from cruelty. We have societies for the protection of the aborigines, to the utmost corners of the earth. We prevent the slaughter of gulls and terns, the defacement or destruction of the wonders of inanimate nature, and we have a series of national monuments for the prevention of vandalism in cherished places.

But *do* we protect *any killable game* for the sake of giving it a square deal, and a fair chance to win against us in the chase?

Has any state ever forbidden the use of telescopic sights on game rifles? No; not that we can remember.

Has any state ever forbidden hunters to fire at big game at a greater distance than 200 yards? Emphatically, no! What an idea! A sporting magazine of June, 1916, contains a picture of a small mountain sheep "killed at a distance of *one mile!*" And great be the glory of the gallant hunter, who, so we must infer, was not a sufficient mountaineer to stalk within fair gunshot of his game.

Do the sportsmen of New York, or any other state, who with sad faces and tearful voices sometimes tell us of the freezing and starving of quail in bad winters, ever refrain from quail hunting during the next open season out of pity for the half-starved remnant? Not on your life. And do the quail laws of any state provide for a season of immunity after a season of winter-killing? Show me one.

But there are sportsmen with cheeks of brass who will look you squarely in the eye, and tell you that "since the hard winters kill more quail than the sportsmen do, five-year close seasons are unfair, because

the quail can't live here anyhow, and they might as well be shot as left to freeze, or starve to death."

If anyone can find more decayed ethics than those, we would like to know whence they come, and what they look like.

The measures that are taken for the prolongation of game shooting,—let us not insult helpless wild animals by saying "protection" of game,—are as follows:

For game quadrupeds: A limit to the number that may be killed ("bag limit"); a restriction to adult male specimens; observance of close season limits, excluding the birth-and-rearing period; and prohibition of the sale of game.

For game birds: Shooting only in the non-breeding season; bag limits; in two states, no automatic shotguns to be used; in various states, no motor or sail boats are usable against wild-fowl, nor swivel guns, nor gang shotguns, nor big-bore guns; nor baiting of the birds; nor shooting before sunrise nor after sunset; nor sale of game.

In the hunting and killing of mammals, the only limit on weapons is what gamblers call "the blue sky." No other states than Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts have any restrictions whatsoever upon the weapons with which deer are killed. Pennsylvania and New Jersey bar all automatic rifles; and Massachusetts permits her deer to be killed with shotguns only,—to conserve *human* life.

In each and every one of the other 46 states you can hunt big game with anything from a .22 caliber rifle up to a howitzer on wheels. You can use telescope sights, smokeless powder, cordite, Maxim silencers,—whatever you choose. You are not required by law, or by state codes of ethics, to give the game the slightest show to escape you. Any high-power rifle (and now nearly *all* are that) will kill a deer, an elk, or a grizzly bear at 400 yards, and farther if the hunter is sufficiently lucky or expert.

In a recently published book on big-game hunting in Africa, the author-hunter describes an attack on a leopard, with a Mannlicher rifle fitted with a telescopic sight and a Maxim silencer. The distance (measured) was 675 yards. Three shots were fired. The leopard heard *no sound!* The first shot threw up dust under the animal. The second hit a front leg; but the leopard had no idea of the source of the hurt, and did not think of running away. The third shot was fatal. Between the long-range rifle, the telescope, and the silencer the animal was robbed of every chance for the detection of the hunter, and of escape. It might as well have been shot with a cannon and shrapnel.

Have any states in our country legislated against the sale and use of the silencer? Yes; New York. It was done because of the undetected killing of *men* in New York City by the use of that death-dealing device. How the devil must have laughed when a patent was

granted for the silencer! Each state will wait until a certain number of its citizens have been assassinated by it, and then they will legislate against its sale and use; but not until then. It is the American way to await the call of Calamity before we rise and act.

Possibly this world will endure until man, the meanest and deadliest of all the predatory animals, will have progressed upward in ethics to the height that the majority really will desire to give the wild creatures a square deal. That time may indeed come; but long, long before it does, the game of this earth, great and small, will be dead and gone,—everywhere outside the hard-and-fast game sanctuaries, and their immediate environs.

I regard it as absolutely certain that fifty years from now there will be no large game to be shot, anywhere in the United States or in Southern Canada, outside the regions that surround the game sanctuaries, national and state.

Here are the curses that rest upon American game:

1. The general absence of ethics in hunting.
2. The 75-per-cent-of-hunter sentiment that it is necessarily and ethically right to kill "all the game that the law allows," regardless of its scarcity, or its impending local extinction.
3. The annual salving of 3,000,000 consciences with hunting licenses costing the princely sum of $1 each.
4. The reckless disregard for extermination of species.
5. The actual extermination of game "according to law."
6. The totally false idea that saving game today in order to kill it tomorrow is "game protection," or "conservation."
7. The indifference of hunters to the balance of game increase and decrease which is indispensable to the maintenance of a continuous supply.
8. The unwillingness of 75 per cent of the hunters of today to make the serious sacrifices that are absolutely necessary to maintain this continuous supply.
9. The prevalence of greed and selfishness in hunting, which wants to kill the full legal limit, if it be possible.
10. The impatience of law when it runs counter to desire.

There are, fortunately, many men and boys who will do right by wild life when their duty becomes clear. There are men to whom six birds are as sufficient as sixty, and who stop without reference to the legal limit. There are three times as many more who want what they want, when they want it, who kill to the limit if they can, and who yield no hunting privilege save under compulsion. The spring-shooters of Missouri serve to point a moral, but their doings would come a thousand miles short of adorning a tale. Because they

cannot kill in the autumn months and during December and January as many ducks and geese as they would like to kill, they demand of the national government a special privilege to shoot wild-fowl in spring, up to March 31, or else the repeal of the entire federal migratory bird law!

Now, it happens that in Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, wild ducks of several species begin mating in February and March, and go right on nesting and rearing their young throughout the whole region described wherever conditions are suitable, and they are *not driven away by shooting!* (Dr. George W. Field.)

In view of spring breeding conditions, it is not right that the states named should have the right to kill ducks and geese later than February 1; and therefore the federal regulations fix that limit. For two years the Interstate Sportsmen's "Protective" Association of Kansas City and St. Louis has been fighting the federal migratory bird law, and has made numerous and noisy appeals to its members of Congress, either to secure for them a special dispensation, or destroy the law.

As an example of shortsighted selfishness and bad ethics, we will match the Missourians of the Interstate Sportsmen's Protective Association against the world. Naturally, Congress steadily refuses to accede to the Missouri demand, which is "even to the repeal of the law"! Even during 1916, both houses have voted by large majorities to sustain the federal migratory bird law, by means of the usual annual appropriation of $50,000 for its enforcement.

The human prize-ring bristles with rules based on ethical principles. The fighter must not bite, kick, gouge, strike below the belt, nor do an Indian war dance upon the anatomy of an opponent. In hunting we have not progressed one-half so far as that. Our hunting ethics now forbid us to kill female goats and sheep, lambs or kids, and the young of birds. A bird must not be shot on her nest. Seventeen states forbid the killing of female deer and fawns; but it was only last spring that Governor Whitman resolutely saved the state of New York from nation-wide disgrace by vetoing a law that had been trickily slipped through our legislature during its last hours, providing for a return to the killing of female deer, at the demand of the guides of the Adirondacks. And this in the state of New York, which for five years has led the van of game-protecting states!

While our national, state, and individual sins against wild life are as the sands of the seven seas for multitude, we are not by any means totally depraved. If the Men of Ethics were only more numerous, and more determined, our wild life could be saved on a continuing basis; but we are short-handed.

There are thousands of American sportsmen who do believe in the square deal for wild life. They scorn to shoot in any breeding season. They sell no wild game, and despise those who do. They kill no female hoofed game, nor young animals. They stop when they have two or three head of game, no matter how much more their hunting licenses offer them according to law. I know a big-game sportsman who went sheep-hunting all the way from Detroit to Montana; and when the only male sheep that he could find proved to be a three-year-old ram, he refused to kill that immature animal and went home sheepless. A sportsman with a code of ethics shoots no birds on the ground, despises gang hooks and big rods for small fish, and glories in small, breakable rods and lines for "the big game of the sea." He kills and eats no bobolinks as "game."

Some of these men have laid aside their 12-gauge shotguns, and taken up the 16, the 22, and even the 28-gauge, because those weapons "give the game a show," and call for superior skill in the man behind the gun.

In the ethics of fair and gentlemanly sport with the shotgun, the automatic shotgun is like a pair of scales for the weighing of men. As a separator of sheep from goats, it has few equals and no superiors.

One of the greatest battles for correct ethics in the killing of game ever waged in any country was the fight against the use of those machine guns for bird slaughter. They are of seven kinds; and the energy, the persistence, and the shamelessness with which they are bought and used on game, in the United States, is positively amazing. When a ragged and emaciated Florida cracker slowly walks past us with a $35 automatic on his shoulder, we are not surprised, save by the evidence that he had the price; but when members of alumni associations and clubs, "even as you and I," stand up and vigorously defend the machine guns, and also use them in hunting, it phases us. The stock argument is: "If you enforce the bag limit, the kind of gun used doesn't matter!" That is a mere subterfuge, employed in weakly dodging the real issue.

Now, the fact is, it matters a great deal; because the value of the automatic gun,—and the love for it,—is based very solidly on the fact that it gets about 50 per cent more game per gun than is getable with a gentlemanly double-barreled shotgun! The Winchester and Remington Arms companies make and sell the goods *because of its superior game-getting habits!* But for that, no man would want either the automatic or the "pump" to use on game.

The use of automatic and "pump" shotguns, shooting either 5 or 6 shots without removal from the shoulder, is a shame, and a disgrace to 46 of our 48 states. Only two states, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, have purged themselves of this disgrace by passing laws for-

bidding the use of the slaughter guns in hunting; but I believe every province of Canada has barred them by law.

Strange to say, the anglers can teach the hunters a great deal about the ethics of sport,—but in tackle only. In bag limits some of the anglers are just as great game-hogs as any that I know of, anywhere. With many, their ethics seem to stop at the rod and line, and not at the weight of the creel. There seems to be no way in the world to curb fish slaughter, and to conserve a continuous supply of game fishes. But for the fish hatcheries there would today be mighty few game fishes in any of our freshwater streams and lakes.

The grown men of today, as a mass, are hard to influence in behalf of wild life. They do not know what it is to make real sacrifices for real conservation unless compelled. In places like Missouri only a hardwood club produces a result. Fortunately the minority which defends wild life, being eternally in the right, can through legislation secure many and great results; but they must work that field early and late.

Ethically the Congress of the United States has a perfect record in wild-life conservation. Congress never has voted against wild life! No reasonable and good measure for the better protection and increase of the nation's stock of wild creatures ever has been fairly placed before that body and voted down! In the ethical treatment of the millinery-producing birds of the world, we are the most envied of nations.

The one great place in which to teach ethics in the treatment of wild life is in the nursery and the schoolroom. To teach "nature study" alone is not enough. The aggressive and militant *defense and protection* of the harassed wild creatures must also be taught, regularly and persistently. The National Educators' Conservation Society, of New York, has been founded for the express purpose of showing the plain path of duty to all the teachers of America. Its task is a gigantic one; and it needs and must have no end of support,—financial, educational, and political. Its foundations have indeed been "well and truly laid," and we expect great things of it. Through it all the teachers of America,—a mighty host,—are called upon to do their duty by the nation's wild life.

If the school children and college students of today can be taught their duty toward wild life, they may be relied upon to perform that duty tomorrow. Manhood is stiff-necked, hard-headed, and unyielding; youth is open-minded, kind-hearted, and chivalrous. We must firmly curb the average man with statute laws; but if we educate youth aright, the wild life of the future will receive a square deal. On that basis, it can continue to exist.

WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR STEEL

George Weiss

UNPRECEDENTED prosperity has been the War's windfall to the American steel industry. Mills all over the country are running to capacity. For the first time in its history the American steel industry has really become international in its scope. The world today is depending on the output of American steel. War is being waged with American steel. Neutral countries are continuing the ordinary pursuits of commerce with American steel. An industry that formerly feared European aggression, that was always importunate for protection against foreign production, has now not only obtained the trade formerly held by England, Germany and France in South America, the Orient and the Antipodes, but is also supplying the steel requirements of these steel producing countries.

New steel plants are being built by the score. The United States Steel Corporation is spending $250,000,000 for improvements. Schwab is spending $160,000,000; Corey, $75,000,000. Plants that long ago were discarded as being obsolete have been rehabilitated and are again converting ore and steel scrap into new ingots. Within a space of three years, the steel industry has been through a famine and is now in the midst of a feast. Carnegie years ago declared that it was either a case of "prince or pauper"; and this striking term can be fittingly applied to what has happened since a fanatic caused the eyes of the world to be centered on the hitherto unknown town of Sarajevo.

Production of steel has risen to levels beyond the fondest hopes of the leaders of the industry. No process of manufacture is being overlooked. Crucible steel, bessemer steel, open-hearth steel and electric steel are being produced at the rate of 43,000,000 tons a year. Despite the tremendous tonnage that is coming from furnaces of every known description, the demand for steel has not been satiated. There is no fear of over-production. The increased output has not checked rising prices. This alone indicates that the production is insufficient. Mills are rejecting more business each day than they obtained in weeks before the War owing to inability to handle the tonnage that buyers are seeking. Steel has had boom periods in the past, when production and prices put new peaks on the charts; but never before have output or prices reached the levels that are now prevailing.

HOW STEEL BEGAN TO RISE

The story of steel's rise from poverty to prosperity can never be fully told. Up to the time that Fate again descended upon the house of

Hapsburg, the American steel industry was suffering from a depression caused by the lowering of the tariff walls. The new Democratic Administration took steel out of the infant class and removed the protective duties that barred foreign steels. This resulted in the closing of mills. Production of steel dropped. Then came the spark that set Europe aflame. This was regarded as a signal for further depression. Who in July and August of 1914 would have thought that a titanic war in Europe would bring prosperity to United States? All industries suffered. A period of world-wide disturbance to trade was anticipated. Trade internal and external was at a standstill. The civilized world stood aghast as the reports were received during the tense days of August and September describing the progress of the German advance through Belgium and France. Then, the world knew that something was wrong. The rushing of the British troops to Mons and their subsequent retreat back to the Marne indicated lack of power to halt the onflowing army of von Kluck. Out of a clear sky came the indications that England, France and Russia were stalling for time. The Entente troops gave ground slowly, inflicting what damage they could by rear guard actions. Finally the invasion was halted and thrown back. A breathing spell arrived. England had settled down to war. The enormous gold resources of the Bank of England were called upon. Kitchener began gathering his now famous Army. Buying agents were sent to all parts of the world to arrange for the materials needed to equip these millions of men. Orders began coming in for horses and clothing. The Allies still had in mind the type of warfare that is now obsolete. The old method of warfare overran the enemy by sheer weight of numbers. Finally it dawned upon them that a new era of warfare had arrived. Men were the minor factors. Steel was the dominant factor.

SCHWAB TO THE RESCUE

The great arsenals of France and England were insufficient. Cruesot, the armorer of France, worked heroically. The great Woolwich arsenal of England set out to accomplish what Germany had prepared for years in advance. To understand German preparedness for war it must be recalled that every industry in Germany had its pools or associations. There was a great steel association divided into groups according to the article manufactured. Price-fixing by combines was an art in Germany. When the order for mobilization went out from the General Staff on Wilhelmstrasse it did not simply mean the gathering of troops. It also meant the mobilization of all industries. Like a flash industries changed from normal pursuits to the plans that were made years before. The world knew of the great Krupp plant but it was not aware that every other steel plant in Germany would change overnight into a cog of the war machine.

Charles W. Schwab was the first to see what was going on. Schwab was known as the champion steel salesman of the world. What he did in the early days of the war justified his title. While other American steel companies were planning to handle war trade, Schwab slipped across the Atlantic. He sailed on the *Olympic*. As the great liner neared the Irish Coast, the battleship *Audacious* was sunk. The *Olympic* rescued the crew. The Admiralty, desiring to keep the news from spreading, ordered the *Olympic* to stay at sea. Schawb was furious. He was being delayed. He wirelessed Jellico and a torpedo boat was provided to take him ashore. He rushed to London and was quickly closeted with Kitchener. Three days later the *Olympic's* passengers were landed. In that time Schwab had negotiated contracts that made Bethlehem Steel stocks rise from $45 a share to $300 a share inside of three months. Schwab came home with contracts galore. He beat every other steel manufacturer. Incidentally he pried the lid off the secret of the ineffectiveness of the Allied troops in France. Shortage of shells and guns had caused the inglorious rout.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR SHELLS

Then started the scramble for shell orders. Plants engaged in the manufacture of locomotives, cars, automobiles, typewriters, watches, tractors, all began pouring their crack salesmen into New York and London. The Allies sent a purchasing commission here. Competition for shell orders will never be forgotten by those who partook in the feverish rush for contracts. The methods, often insidious, often laughable, that were used to wheedle shell orders from the buyers may be woven some day into an interesting romance. Day and night the offices of the purchasing commission were beseiged. Everyone was heard. No opportunity was allowed to pass without being given consideration. Orders for shells were placed profusely. General French, then in command, called for shrapnel. Kitchener was assailed for sending explosive shells. Shrapnel was needed. Parliament rang with bitter comment on the shortage of shrapnel. Plants receiving an order for 3,000,000 shells did not become appalled at the size of the contract. Such an order was small. The guns spread out from the Channel to Switzerland used millions of shells in a day. With characteristic American energy arrangements were completed for making them. Demand for machine tools was tremendous. Second-hand machinery dealers jumped their prices to double what new machines cost and then lamented that they did not advance them more because the buyers paid the inflated prices without protest. Up in New England the machine toolmakers dropped the manufacture of intricate machine tools and started producing single purpose lathes, tools that were designed for manufacturing shells. The boom had arrived.

Orders for rifles, cartridges, cannon, automobiles, copper, lead, zinc, aluminum, horses, clothing, buttons, water bottles, began pouring in. Everything that was needed to outfit a soldier was being bought in the United States. Plants that never before had manufactured an article for war purposes adapted themselves for the manufacture of shells, time fuses, and rifle parts. Workmen and engineers who never before had seen blue prints of these death dealing instruments of war quickly familiarized themselves with their manufacture. Factories were overhauled in record time. New plants were built. In some cases, three thousand men were employed to put up a factory in fifteen days where ordinarily three months would have been good time. Up in New England, the Remington Arms Company built the largest war factory in the world in an incredibly short space of time. Down at Eddystone, Pa., more large factories sprang up. Near New York on the Jersey swamps, buildings were erected. Unemployment in the United States gave way to a scarcity of labor. Hundreds of thousands of people were given work.

SIGNS OF THE PROSPERITY IN STEEL

To gauge the extent of the prosperity in steel it is necessary to see at first hand what is going on at the steel centers. Take a trip to Pittsburgh! See the smoky city smokier than ever before! Smoke is belching forth from many stacks day and night. Workmen are unloading raw materials; the furnaces are busily smelting the ore; the pouring ladles are teeming with the white hot metal; the rolling mills are breaking down ingots into billets. The finished material is being loaded on cars and rushed posthaste to the seaboard. Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Middletown, Sharon, Chicago, Gary, Indiana Harbor, further East in Pennsylvania at Johnstown, South Bethlehem or out West at St. Louis and even far away Colorado, the mills are going at capacity. The populations of these steel mill towns have increased wonderfully. The banks are reporting tremendous increases in deposits. New homes are being built to accomodate the influx of workingmen. For instance at Gary, Ind., that wonder town of the United States Steel Corporation, five more newspapers and four new banks have started in the last nine months. Here is a town less than ten years old that now has ten banks and eight newspapers—three of the papers being dailies.

Whoever would have predicted that some day American steel mills would turn out over 40,000,000 tons of steel in one year would have been regarded as a visionary. Schwab predicted that the day would come, but before the War everyone thought that Schwab was simply bubbling over with optimism. In 1914, production of steel in the United States amounted to 23,510,000 tons. In the year now closing, the production will approximate about 43,000,000 tons and when all

the new capacity that is now building is started the United States will be producing steel at the rate of 45,000,000 tons a year and possibly 50,000,000 tons. Prices on steel products have increased two fold, three fold, in some cases five fold. Three distinct wage advances of 10 per cent. each have been granted to over 450,000 workers in the steel mills in the year now closing. Up in the great Mesaba ore regions, the steam shovels are working against the season when Nature will close traffic on the Great Lakes. Stocks of ore are being piled up at the mills to provide over the winter months when the inadequate railroad facilities will be the only avenue of supply from the wonderful ranges. Over 60,000,000 tons of ore have been carried down the lakes up to the first of December.

Despite the tremendous output of steel, new plants are being projected. The Worth Brothers sold their famous plate manufacturing mills at Coatesville to Corey at a fabulous price and are now reentering the industry with a new monster plant at Claymont, Del. New capacity is being built with such a reckless abandon that in after-war years the United States Steel Corporation will not be able to maintain its standing as being a larger producer of steel than all the otner plants of the country combined. Gary, Schwab, Farrell, Corey, Replogle, Butler of Youngstown, Donner of Buffalo, these are but a few of the many stellar names of American steel makers, who have put enormous amounts of money into new steel plants. First, they are aiming to supply war requirements, and then, when peace is restored, to furnish steel for the reconstruction of devastated France, Belgium, Poland, and Serbia.

Steel plants that were bought by the United States Steel Corporation in the days when it was eliminating competitive factors and which were allowed to remain idle, have again been restored to activity. Not that these plants are producing steel as profitably as the modern ones, but even when the cost is twice as much as in the new plants, it can still be sold profitably. Plants that were relics in the days when Carnegie and Frick were battling with the late J. P. Morgan have been rehabilitated. Plants that outlived their usefulness, plants that were such in name only—are again turning out steel. At Wilmington, Del., there was a plant abandoned in the days when Diamond State Steel Company was active. For eleven years, this plant never turned a wheel or had a fire in its furnaces. Now this obsolete plant is producing 100,000 tons of steel a year. Up at Buffalo was the old plant of the New York State Steel Company. William H. Donner took it over, rushed the work of reconstruction and is now turning out 150,000 tons of steel a year. The United States Steel Corporation started furnaces on Neville Island near Pittsburgh which were abandoned years ago because of their inaccesibility. Furnaces that were dropped because they

produced only 200 to 300 tons of iron a day and could not compete with the modern stacks that turn out 500 tons and more a day, are again being charged with coke, limestone and ore and twice a day the fluid iron is being tapped and cast into pigs which are being sold at prices one hundred per cent. above normal. At St. Louis was an old steel plant that went into disuse over 15 years ago. The Mississippi Valley Iron Company was organized and started this plant which is now enjoying capacity business. Down in Texas, where there are ore deposits in Cass County, a $5,000,000 steel company is being formed.

UP, UP, UP, HAVE GONE THE STEEL PRICES

Back before the formation of the United States Steel Corporation in 1901, competition in the steel industry was ruinous. Carnegie did many things that irked certain interests in Wall Street. It was a battle of giants which finally ended by the Steel Corporation paying Carnegie $480,000,000 just to get him out of the way. It was Schwab who engineered the deal. Schwab was Carnegie's right hand man and when the day came that either Carnegie or Morgan must take the lead it was Schwab who went to Morgan and proved to him that Carnegie's price was not excessive.

Back in 1901 the price of $28 a ton was set as a standard price for Bessemer rails. When the open hearth rails came into use, the price was set at $30 a ton. For years rails held at $28 and $30 a ton. No one ever thought of disturbing the price of rails. When steel prices were low the railroads paid their $28 and $30 a ton just the same. When prices were high the same level was maintained. Rails at $28 and $30 a ton were profitable and formed a fine back log in dull times. Now there has been a change. Last April, Wall Street rang with reports that rails were to be advanced. With billets selling at $60 a ton, the $28 price of rails represented a distinct loss in profits to the mills, especially as all of the ingots devoted to rails could be used in turning out higher price products. So last May, the price of rails was advanced $5.00 a ton to $33 and $35. Before the advance in price, the railroads were told that it would be advisable for them to place their orders for their 1917 rails, it being the practice to buy rails a year ahead. A flood of rail orders ensued. In one month no less than 1,300,000 tons of rails were purchased.

Steel prices continued to rise during the summer and autumn and when the mills found that they could obtain $80 a ton for steel billets and bars and $90 to $120 a ton for finished products, the $33 and $35 price of rails did not meet with the approval of the mills. The mills were losing the difference between rails at $35 and bars at $80 a ton. Rail orders each year amount to about 3,000,000 tons. Last October some steel mill managers met and discussed means by which rail

business for 1918 could be restricted so that more steel could be devoted to higher priced products. Another advance was suggested. With rails selling at $40 a ton, the roads will not buy so freely was the belief. So in November, rails were again advanced $5.00 a ton, putting Bessemer rails at $38 and open hearth rails at $40 a ton. It is not certain whether even this price will stop rail buying. As I write, orders for 600,000 tons of rails were placed between November 25 and December 2 at the high price. Rails at $30 a ton furnish a good profit in normal times when steel billets sell at $18 a ton; but just now the price is not attractive.

MANY PROBLEMS HAD TO BE SOLVED

Although production of steel in the United States was larger than that of any other country before the War, it is a fact that American steel mills depended greatly on raw materials from other countries. Germany supplied tungsten needed for the manufacture of tool steel. India and Russia supplied manganese ore required for the hardening of steel, while England formerly was the chief producer of ferro manganese. Many problems had to be solved when the war disrupted commerce, and the rapidity with which these matters were adjusted is an achievement of no small proportions.

Very little manganese ore is mined in the United States. The best manganese ore comes from India, Southern Russia and Brazil. Cuba is a producer of low grade manganese ore. Before the War, the important American steel interests who converted their own manganese ore into ferro manganese brought their ore from India or Russia, while the lesser steel interests purchased ferro manganese from the English makers. Ferro manganese is needed for hardening steel. Without it, steel could not be made for shells, in fact for any purpose requiring great strength. The beginning of the War seriously affected American steel interests. Southern Russia was cut off by the Turks. The voyage from India was too long. Brazil had deposits of this ore; but the Brazilian railroad system did not possess facilities for sending ore to the seaboard in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of American steel mills. The United States Steel Corporation acted quickly. It arranged to buy the bulk of the Brazilian output. Steamers were chartered at enormous rates to bring this ore here. Other steel producers were not, however, so fortunately fixed. The English put an embargo on exports of ferro manganese; but later when American steel mills pointed out that they could not supply the Allies with shell steel unless this alloy was allowed to be shipped by English makers, the embargo was removed and exports regulated by a system of permits. English ferro manganese makers realized the plight of American steel mills and the price jumped from $39 a ton to $300 a ton. This

stiff price was paid. Finally some American interests set out to manufacture ferro manganese. At the time it was stated that no one could produce an alloy equal to the English product. American ferro manganese came out on the market. Some of the more daring steel mills resolved to give it a trial. It not only proved equal to the English product, but even better. Today production of ferro manganese in this country has increased to such an extent that the business held for many years by English makers has been seriously undermined. The price dropped to $165 a ton.

No nation can defend itself without steel. If the United States were entirely isolated by an enemy its plight would have been serious before the European War; but now it can face such a condition with but ordinary concern. Our steel industry is no longer greatly dependent on outside sources for raw materials. We are more self-contained. The War spurred business men to compete in lines where formerly they feared to compete. While we still depend on the outside world for manganese ore, we now at least know how to make this alloy.

Tungsten is another metal that was sadly needed in the early days of the War. The Germans controlled the world output of tungsten. England possessed the countries where the ore abounded but the Germans were the best makers of the alloy and no other country essayed to wrest the trade from her. But with Germany blockaded, the emergency was met once more by Americans. Tungsten deposits existed in Colorado and California. Early this year tungsten went sky-high touching $80 a unit. The Pacific Coast was in the throes of a tungsten boom. Everybody who thought he had a tungsten deposit was ready to put himself in the millionaire class. High-speed steels cannot be manufactured without tungsten; and without high-speed steels, the appliances for shell-making lathes could not be manufactured. Armor plate also requires tungsten. Tungsten production in the West jumped forward and the Eastern plants showed their ability to turn the ore into alloy. Today the United States leads the world in the production of tungsten ore and the manufacture of tungsten alloys.

During the past session of Congress, a bill was enacted for the construction of a Government nitrate plant. It was proposed to extract nitrate from the air. It is true that we are dependent on Chile for nitrates and that a blockade of the United States would have affected the United States, but science has evolved a method whereby we need not fear isolation. To extract nitrates from the air requires the expenditure of enormous energy and unless water power is available the process is not practicable. In Norway the extraction of nitrate from the air is practiced on a large scale because the numerous waterfalls give ample and cheap power. When Secretary Daniels had Congress

enact this legislation, he ignored an improvement in the manufacture of coke that fills the void in our production of nitrates. We are no longer wholly dependent on nitrates from Chile. Nitrate is required in the manufacture of explosives.

The War brought a demand for benzol, toluol, ammonia, napthaline. The demand started production. Steel mills for years knew of the by-product system of manufacturing coke; but as long as the demand for the by-product was small, they preferred to continue using coke produced in beehive ovens. In the manufacture of coke in beehive ovens all the gases go to waste. The by-product coke ovens, however, turn these gases into tar, ammonia, benzol, toluol and other materials as well as producing the coke that the steel mills require. Trinitrotoluol, the most powerful explosive known, is made from toluol which is obtained from the coal gases. Nitrate is obtained. Hundreds of by-product coke ovens have been built in this country since the beginning of the War. In 1915, when the development of the by-product coke oven was being undertaken on a large scale, we produced no less than $28,000,000 worth of tar, ammonia and benzol products.

IT IS A WAR OF STEEL AND NOT MEN

Germany's remarkable resistance to the combined assaults of England, France, Russia and later on Italy, Serbia, and Roumania, these six powers possessing numerical as well as financial superiority, lies in its resources of iron and steel. Krupps, the armorer of Germany, and the Skoda works of Austria, have been the backbone of the powerful Teutonic military strength. The long days of preparation on the part of the Allies, the stalling for the time when they would take the offensive, was due to their unpreparedness in the matter of steel. Throughout Germany, the steel and iron industry was pooled. Each trade had its pool. The world was told that these pools were designed to foster export trade. The world now knows that these pools were designed to foster German military power.

Years before the German hordes spread over Belgium and Northern France, their guiding hand at the Wilhelmstrasse planned just what they should do. The guiding hands knew that steel was to be the greatest individual factor in the war. Deprive the enemy of steel and his surrender would be inevitable, was the strategy of the German war lords. Swiftly obtain possession of the steel and iron districts and the treaty of peace would be written in London, Paris, and Petrograd before six months had elapsed. So when the War began the German troops were guided to the capture of the important iron deposits in northern France. In the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans took over the tremendous iron ore and coal fields in Alsace-Lorraine. France still possessed the basin of Briery. German troops quickly overran

Briery. The French steel industry was paralyzed. Before the War, Germany saw to it that the iron ore fields in Southern France were German owned. The Thyssen group of German steel makers leased the rich ore fields in the departments of Calvados, Manche and Orne. Thus with the Briery basin controlled and the southern fields German-owned, France was stricken. The Thyssen fields were sequestrated by France; but the output from these mines has not been sufficient to supply France's greatly increased war needs.

Before the War France had 116 blast furnaces producing about 420,000 tons of pig iron a month. The Germans captured territory containing no less than sixty furnaces. France with only 56 furnaces available is now producing only 120,000 tons of pig iron a month. Contrast this with the output of American furnaces, which is running close to 3,000,000 tons a month. These figures show how near the German army came to the accomplishment of the schedule set out by the high war lords.

SOME THINGS LLOYD GEORGE HAS DONE

The greatest man in England today is Lloyd George. How often this remark has been made by American bankers and journalists upon returning from abroad. What this quiet man has done for England can never be adequately told in printed words. The business man who is confronted with tremendous problems can probably form an estimate of Lloyd George's achievements; but the layman will never obtain any idea of the stupendous task that faced Lloyd George when he accepted the portfolio as Minister of Munitions. Today no less than 4,000 firms are working for the Government in England. This immense total is feeding the army and navy. Of this total 95 per cent had never produced a gun, shell or cartridge before the War. In ten months these 4,000 plants produced more shells than all the Government and private arsenals the world over.

What the major proportion of the world produced in the form of munitions before the War is only a small percentage of what England is now turning out each week. The figures are strict military secrets. Perhaps some day the world will know what has been accomplished. No less than ninety arsenals were built or adapted for producing heavy guns, howitzers, big shells, or explosives. In the first year of the War, England employed 184,000 women in war industries. Today, there are over 600,000. In the first year of the War there were altogether 1,986,000 workers engaged in manufacturing howitzer bombs, making shrapnel, filling smoke and gas bombs and bombs with other lethal contents. Now 3,500,000 workers are so employed. Women in England are today working on machine tools. *They are even building war vessels.*

England is one huge arsenal. The great shipyards on the Clyde, Tyne, Mersey, Wear and Dee all have their machines producing can-

non and shells. Equipment for these plants came mostly from the United States. While England is producing tremendous quantities of shells, she is still dependent on the United States for steel. Late in November, J. P. Morgan & Co. placed orders for 1,500,000 tons of billets and bars to be delivered in the last six months of 1917. The price paid was $80 a ton; so that the order had a market value of $120,000,000. Last July, England ordered 800,000 tons of steel, paying $60 a ton. Between July and November, the price of steel had risen $20 a ton.

BUILDING RAILROADS IN RUSSIA

When the War is over, Russia will have one of the finest railway systems that any country would care to possess. When the German strategists played their war games, they figured that they would first invade France, deliver a death blow there in about six weeks, and then turn to Russia. It was figured that Russia, lacking railway facilities, would not offer any serious trouble for at least two months after the War had started. This conclusion was based on the poor railway system in Russia. All this has been changed. Russia is building thousands of miles of railroads. The beginning of the War resulted in the blockading of the port of Libau on the North Sea and egress from the Black Sea. Russia had only Vladivostock far away to the North and Archangel on the White Sea. The railway to Vladivostock is, or rather was, only a single-track affair. Efforts to supply Russia's war needs through this port quickly resulted in a tremendous congestion. Then Archangel was tried. Archangel is open to navigation only three months in the year. The railroad running there was quickly double-tracked. Even this addition did not help. It was then ascertained that on Kola Bay, also in the Arctic Sea, was an ice-free port, that of Romanoff-on-Murman. Without hesitating construction of a railroad to that port was started. Hundreds and thousands of men were placed on the ground. American mills were called upon to supply the rails. Quickly the rail head proceeded to Kola Bay. American steel mills have supplied Russia with almost 500,000 tons of rails since the beginning of the war. When it is considered that a system like the Pennsylvania Railroad uses only 200,000 tons of rails in a year, the Russian rail purchases take on added significance.

How many tons of Ameriacn rails have been used in building military railroads for transportation of shells into the trenches will never be known. One steel official estimated that France had bought about 200,000 tons of rails and England 150,000 tons of rails in this country for such railroads. France has purchased more than 450 locomotives in this country since the beginning of the war in addition to 9,000 freight cars. England has bought 400 locomotives. The Russian

Government has been negotiating with locomotive builders seeking to place orders for 1,000 locomotives but has been unable to conclude satisfactory financial arrangements. Russia has purchased 12,000 cars in this country.

WHAT WILL THE STEEL INDUSTRY FACE AFTER THE WAR?

In terminating this article it is appropriate to discuss the future of the American steel industry. Its expansion has been wonderful. Its prosperity cannot be doubted. When the United States Steel Corporation can report earnings of over $300,000,000 in one year, as it will earn that vast sum this year; when other steel companies can report increases ranging from 50 to 150 per cent in their earnings,—there can be no doubt as to prosperity. On the other hand there is doubt as to what the future will bring. There are some authorities who fear after-war competition and its effect on the American industry. Gary urges conservation. Schwab sees continued prosperity after the War. Some steel-mill presidents merely declare that a protective tariff is what will be needed to prevent a reaction in our prosperity. Now listen to what Schwab has to say! Schwab has seldom been wrong in his deductions.

"This country cannot stand still," says Schwab. "The United States produced only 1,000,000 tons of steel in 1880, while this year 40,000,000 tons will be produced. My own belief is that we are just as far from the zenith today as we were when the United States Steel Corporation was formed in 1901. When the War is over there will be a reduction in the demand for ammunition steel and there will be some recessions in steel prices generally; but the domestic demands await only a more normal condition of trade to press forward for prompt satisfaction. A period of depression will come, and it will be severe; but it will not be acute, in my judgment, until from three to five years after the War is ended."